

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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THE HON. ELIHU ROOT, OF NEW YORK.

THE LEADER OF THE BAR AND FOREMOST STATESMAN, WHO SUCCEEDS IN THE CABINET THE LAMENTED SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY.—*Copyright by Aime Dupont.*

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Thursday, July 20, 1905

The New Secretary of State.

SCORE ANOTHER notable achievement for President Roosevelt, the man of destiny of the twentieth century. Irreparable a loss to the public service and to the peace of the world as the sudden death of John Hay seemed to be, the one man able fully to fill the vacant place already has been found. In the words of President Roosevelt himself, spoken less than two years ago of Mr. Root, "He is the greatest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position, on either side of the ocean, in my time."

Elihu Root, of New York, has many of the qualities which gave charm to the personality of John Hay. He has all the rare gifts of patience, steadfastness, earnestness, and sincerity, which, coupled with profound erudition and wide experience, always make good men great. Self-reliant, non-impulsive, never seeking notoriety, and always avoiding needless publicity, Elihu Root typifies, in his private and professional career, the spirit of the highest principle of civil-service reform. Fitness and merit have won for him every recognition he has ever had.

Republican to the core, he has never neglected nor avoided his duty to his party. Burdened with the cares of his professional life, as a leader of the New York Bar, he has never begrudged time, talent, or money when his services were sought by his party associates. As chairman of the Republican county committee of New York, as delegate to State and national conventions, as a guiding member of the constitutional convention, as the confidential friend and adviser of all the other great party leaders in State and nation, Elihu Root has been conspicuous for high-minded unselfishness and sincerity as much as for rare ability, diplomacy, and statesmanship. President McKinley called him in an emergency to become his Secretary of War. It was at a time when the department was the subject of severe criticism, and when many troublesome problems awaited solution at the close of the Spanish war. Not a soldier by instinct or training, Mr. Root at once became a student of a new situation, and by his practical, clear-sighted, logical methods patiently perfected remedies for long-standing abuses. He left order where chaos had reigned, and the nation recognized the fact with genuine gratitude.

Intimate as had been his relations with President McKinley, they became even more so with President Roosevelt when the latter unexpectedly succeeded to the presidency. Young, impetuous, unaccustomed to restraint, full of dash and daring, the new chief executive leaned upon Mr. Root as upon an elder brother. The demands of his practice finally compelled Mr. Root to retire from public office. He felt that he had done his part, that he had generously given the best years of his life at great sacrifice to the country's highest service. The governorship of New York, an honor coveted by every citizen of the greatest State in the Union, was in sight for him, a year ago, had he felt constrained to be a candidate, but he refused to be considered in connection with it. The leaders of the party and its best membership turned to him instinctively, but his long-neglected law practice absorbed his attention, and he would not yield. It is no secret among his intimate friends that he felt fairly entitled to relief from the burden and sacrifice of public service, and that he was determined to accept no more political honors. Realizing the justice of this attitude, few of his friends believed that he could or would reconsider his determination. They know that only his profound regard for President Roosevelt and his earnest desire to aid an administration which well deserves the encouragement of every patriotic citizen led Mr. Root reluctantly to accept the highest office in the President's gift.

Those who know Mr. Root best, who have measured his high ideals, his nobility of character, his singleness of purpose, and his unselfish devotion to the party for which he has done so much, resent the imputation

that an ambition to be a candidate for the presidency in 1908 prompted acceptance of the Secretaryship of State. No such temptation was needed, and none was placed before him, for that would have raised a most effective barrier to the fulfillment of the President's desire. No two men in the country understand each other better than President Roosevelt and Elihu Root. Their long-continued intimacy has cemented a friendship of an unusual type. It was the earnest appeal of one great-hearted, warm-blooded friend to another equally great-hearted and noble-minded that made Elihu Root the successor of John Hay, and brought to this country, and to all the peoples of the world, a sense of satisfaction as exhilarating as it is extraordinary.

Secretary Hay as a Friend of Peace.

NO FEATURE of the late Secretary Hay's brilliant career in the public service gives him surer title to world-wide and lasting fame than his efforts to promote unity and concord among all the great nations. Such work for peace was eminently fitting in one who began his public service amid the clash of arms and under the tutelage of a man who was at the same time a great "War President," and also one of the most humane, largest-hearted, and most peace-loving men that the world has known. It would have been strange, indeed, if one who had enjoyed the intimacy of Abraham Lincoln and was his ardent disciple and best biographer had not conceived a horror of war and been moved to use such power and influence as he possessed to make an end of it. And to such special and noble service did Mr. Hay dedicate his life. As ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and afterward as Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, he allowed no fitting opportunity to go unimproved for emphasizing his love of peace and his desire to promote a wider and loftier policy of international dealing. He did not always wait for occasions to promote such ends; he made occasions; he took a bold initiative, as in the case when he urged and obtained from the contending Powers in the far-Eastern war consent to a limitation of the war zone and the preservation of the integrity of China. In this great deed, as in all his subsequent efforts in the same behalf, he had the happiness and good fortune to have the hearty co-operation of a man in the executive chair no less ardent and no less devoted than he to the same cause. To these two, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, working together in the closest personal friendship and sympathy, the country is indebted for the negotiation of the arbitration treaties a year ago, and for the steps thus far taken to call a second peace conference at The Hague. To which one of the two the chief credit for the initiative in these efforts belongs does not now matter; that Secretary Hay had a large and inspiring influence in all these transactions there can be no doubt; his hand and heart were in them all.

No one who was privileged to hear Secretary Hay's address before the Boston Peace Congress last fall can ever forget the exalted eloquence and the passionate earnestness with which he then pledged the national government, whose representative he was, to the furtherance of international peace, and how well and promptly that pledge was kept all the world knows. That the arbitration agreements subsequently negotiated were not consummated and our nation brought into a great peace compact with the nations of Europe was through no fault of Secretary Hay. His very appearance on the platform of the Boston Peace Congress was in itself a bold and unprecedented act for a government official of his influence and standing; such a thing had never happened before in all the years that this peace body had been holding its meetings in the various capitals of the world. In Boston, for the first time, speaking through an official representative in the person of Secretary Hay, did one of the great Powers of the world openly and explicitly commit itself to the cause of universal peace. How genuine was the message then spoken, how sincere in tone and spirit, how far from perfunctory in every sense, those who were present on that notable occasion can testify. It was not only the voice and the heart of the government that spoke that day; it was the voice and the heart of John Hay.

And it was not only in these direct and specific acts and utterances that Mr. Hay made his contribution to the world's peace. His whole diplomatic career had a strong and unmistakable influence in the same direction. It is to the high credit of the American government that its diplomacy has always been of the open, manly, direct, and straightforward sort, as distinguished from the diplomacy of the Machiavelian school, the diplomacy which reduced lying and deceit to a fine art, and which has been fruitful of more bad feeling, more disputes between nations, and more wars between nations in modern times than all other causes put together. The emergence of this nation as a world power during Secretary Hay's term of office gave to him the opportunity to push American diplomacy to an extent unprecedented, and into fields of international action where it had not been known before. And he made the utmost of the opportunity in behalf of higher and better things in international dealing; he emphasized the fact before all the world, as it had not before been emphasized, that in diplomacy, as in every other sphere of human life and action, it is truthfulness, honesty, open-mindedness conjoined with humanity and love of justice, that conduce to highest happiness and well-being. To stamp this lesson, as he did, in indelible characters upon the diplomatic dealings of his time, upon the life

of the nations in their relations to each other, was enough of itself to give an imperishable lustre to the name of John Hay.

The Plain Truth.

THE PRACTICE of wearing white rather than black as a badge of mourning has received the emphatic approval of no less a personage than Governor Hoch, of Kansas, who has already made a record as a man who scorns precedents when they are not founded in right and reason. The occasion for his utterance on this subject was an address before an undertakers' association. The wearing of black habiliments, said Governor Hoch, was not consistent with the belief of those who profess the hope of immortality, of a life beyond the grave. White should be used, he added, because it is "the emblem of sunshine, hope, light, and heaven." With this view of mourning attire we heartily concur, and we are gratified to know that the practice of using white instead of black on funeral occasions is increasing.

THE REPORT that the head of the Supreme Court is to resign, and that Secretary Taft is to take his place, has incidentally called out a good deal of misinformation about that post. *Harper's Weekly* says that "no chief justice of the highest Federal tribunal has ever been known to resign, and Chief Justice Fuller is said to have remarked before he left Washington that he had no intention of making a precedent." If Judge Fuller supposes that his resignation would make a precedent he is mistaken. John Jay, the first chief justice, resigned, and he was only fifty years of age at the time, while Fuller is seventy-two. Moreover, after a vacancy, a few years later, in the chief-justiceship, Jay was nominated and confirmed for the office, but refused to accept it. Jay resigned to take the office of Governor of New York. This is one of the many instances which can be cited to show that, as compared with State offices, Federal posts had less attractions in the early days of the government than they have now. Oliver Ellsworth, another chief justice, also resigned. As there is a popular belief that, among the heads of the Supreme Court, few die and none resign, it may be well to cite these facts.

SINCE THE season is now on for the annual crop of criticisms about the preachers who take vacations while "the devil is doing business right along," we are pleased to see that a sensible and effectual answer to these perennial gibes has been made in advance by the president of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association, of New York. Said this man, who is himself the pastor of a big city church: "Why don't the newspaper funny men write about the army of 650,000 teachers and college professors who get vacations of two and three months, or even of four months? In this city a judge of the Supreme Court is paid \$17,500 a year, and he rarely sits in court more than a hundred days a year, so that you might say he gets \$175 a day for actual work. A minister gets even less time to himself than most wage-earners. The ordinary wage-earner gets one or two weeks. But he also gets his fifty-two Sundays, and, to a large extent, his Saturday half holidays, and he has his evenings free." The case might have been put even stronger than this and still have been within the exact truth. On the mere score of pay for work performed, the average pastor the country over does more for less money than any other class of professional men. Neither has the insinuation that the devil has a free hand while pastors take vacations any basis in fact. No church-goer in New York City, or any other city or town, unless he is a bigot of the rank type, will suffer spiritual decline during the vacation season for lack of a place of religious worship to attend where he will be welcomed.

HOW LONG has it been a crime in the United States for a poor man to become rich? That notorious fakir, from Fakirville, the grotesque gargoyle from Boston's temple of ill-fame, made a speech in Kansas the other day. The people turned out to see him as they would any other well-advertised curiosity—man, ape, or monkey. To hold their attention, the Boston ranter made an indiscriminate attack on notable financiers who had risen from poverty to wealth. With characteristic rashness the speaker, in the same speech, boasted that he had made \$5,000,000 in a single Wall Street deal. That made no difference with his logic, for he was attacking other men who had become rich, and they were all an abomination in his sight. The Boston blatherskite centred his attack on three men who have risen from humble circumstances to places of power in the financial world, and who notably illustrate the possibilities of success for the humblest lad in a free country, namely, John A. McCall, president of the New York Life, A. N. Brady, of gas and trolley-line fame, and Thomas H. Ryan, who has recently placed the control of the great Equitable Life in the hands of such eminent gentlemen as ex-President Cleveland, George Westinghouse, and Judge Morgan J. O'Brien. The Boston fakir admits that the wealthy men whom he so brutally assailed are all gentlemen of high character and generous impulses, but he says they became rich too quickly. That is the substance of their offense. The wonder is that the Kansas crowd who listened to the Boston broker's sensationalism did not ask the animated brazen image where and how he secured his own millions. Let the records of Amalgamated and of rotten Bay State Gas, as written by Tom Lawson himself, tell the wretched story.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

THE HONOR of belonging to some of the "orders" created by royal rulers in Europe has been considerably lessened at times because the decorations have been bestowed with too free a hand and on too many persons to suit the vanity of the older members. There is one order, however, of which this never can be said, as the membership is limited to a single individual, viz., the Queen of Prussia, for the time being. The Empress of Germany, in her capacity as Queen of Prussia, has the unique distinction at present of being the one and only member of the Order of the Swan. The latter was founded in 1443 by the Elector Frederick II. of Brandenburg for both men and women. It was suspended at the time of the Reformation, but was revived early in the last century by the then King of Prussia, exclusively in favor of his wife, Queen Louise. The present Queen of Prussia is the fifth successive wearer of the handsome and costly insignia of the order. Should she at any time become a widow, she would be obliged to surrender the decoration and her membership in the Swan to her daughter-in-law, the new crown princess of Germany.

WITH THE wedding of Miss Nellie van Dake, the hospital nurse attached to the Boer War spectacle, at Brighton Beach, to Sergeant John Vaye, of the Boer War contingent, a romance that began in South Africa five years ago will have a happy culmination. Miss van Dake was formerly the belle of Bloemfontein, and became engaged to Vaye, then a prosperous business man of the town. At the outbreak of the Boer War Miss van Dake's father and her fiancé went to the field and fought faithfully for the Boer cause. Mr. van Dake became a captain, and Vaye a lieutenant. Miss van Dake was for a long time without news of the two men. At length tidings came that Vaye had been killed, and she mourned both him and her father as dead, until she heard that the latter had only been taken prisoner. Miss van Dake served with a hospital train to the end of the war. After peace was declared father and child were reunited. Captain van Dake joined the Boer War spectacle, and lately his daughter became one of its hospital corps. Recently a Boer soldier was thrown from his horse and badly hurt. Nurse van Dake was summoned, and in the injured man, who had assumed another name, she recognized her long-lost lover. When Vaye regained consciousness there was a joyful reunion. The invalid quickly recovered, and the couple will soon be married by Captain van Dake, who is an elder of the South African Dutch Reformed Church.

INTO THE regrettable controversy following the resignation of Mr. John F. Wallace as chief engineer of the Panama Canal we do not propose to enter. Undoubtedly there is something to be said on both sides. In his letter of dismissal Secretary Taft charged Mr. Wallace with leaving the canal work for "mere lucre" just at the time when his services were most needed. In his published reply to this charge Mr. Wallace indignantly denies the charge, but does not make clear just what his motives were. He says he did not seek the position, and considering the salary he was then receiving as general

manager of the Illinois Central Railroad and his income from other sources, it seems hardly probable that the salary of \$25,000 a year which he was to receive at Panama would have improved his financial condition. Nevertheless, it was understood that the appointment of chief engineer to the isthmian commission was to stand until the canal was completed, and the selection for the post of a man so skilled and experienced as Mr. Wallace was regarded as cause for public congratulation. To have him abandon it at the very outset to accept a \$60,000 office from a New York corporation has been a keen disappointment to the promoters of this great waterway. The act, of course, does not militate against Mr. Wallace in his professional capacity. As Secretary Taft justly said in his parting words on this subject before leaving for the Philippines, Mr. Wallace is "one of the best and greatest of living engineers." Happily his successor is also a most capable man.

SOME YEARS ago Lord Balfour, the English statesman, in a public address spoke of the noble and unexampled generosity of American men of wealth to the cause of education—an example which, he hoped, the rich men of England might some day emulate. Had Lord Balfour spoken today he would have had several examples of this munificence to point his remarks more notable than any existing at the time of his address. Thus during the past few months we have had the record of \$10,000,000 left to Leland Stanford University by

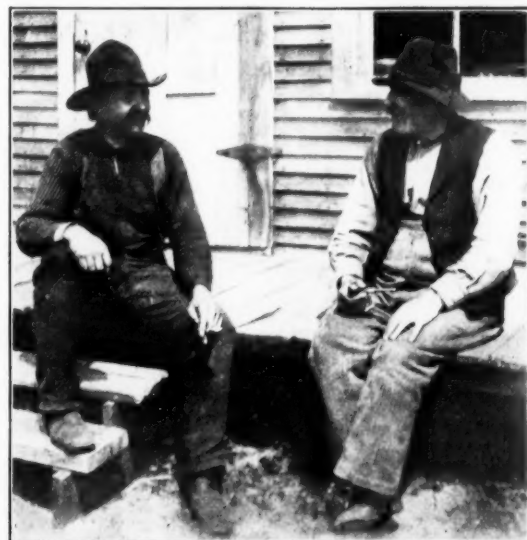


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Who recently gave \$10,000,000 to education. Copyright, 1904, by Ames.

the will of Mrs. Stanford, another \$10,000,000 given by Mr. Carnegie to pension aged college professors, and, latest of all, \$10,000,000 by Mr. John D. Rockefeller for distribution among small colleges. To this might be added the \$2,000,000 received by Yale as an addition to its endowment fund, one-half of this amount coming from Mr. Rockefeller, and \$2,400,000 added to the endowment fund of Harvard. Here we have, then, a total of \$34,400,000 given for educational purposes in this country within the past few months, not including other millions for the same object from other sources. And of all these great benefactions none is designed to confer such widespread benefits and give such an impetus to the cause of higher education as the ten-million-dollar fund of Mr. Rockefeller. The plan for expending the income of this fund means the giving of a helping hand to colleges everywhere with comprehensive wisdom, amounts, purposes, and conditions being prescribed according to circumstances.

THE DESIGNATION of General Horace Porter as senior special ambassador of the United States in connection with the recent ceremonies over the removal of the body of John Paul Jones from France to America was a deserved honor to one of the ablest diplomatic representatives that this country has ever had at a foreign court. As an orator, a publicist, a popular leader, a student of international affairs, General Porter has few, if any, superiors among the public men of our day. To these qualities may be added a rare degree of that tact and courtesy so indispensable in diplomatic intercourse. General Porter has been our representative at the French capital since 1897, and in that period has done much to confirm and strengthen the cordial relations existing between France and America. His resignation of this post of duty into other hands is a cause of deep regret in diplomatic circles at home and abroad, but his return to public life in the United States is, on the other hand, a matter for congratulation. We need such men as General Porter at home.

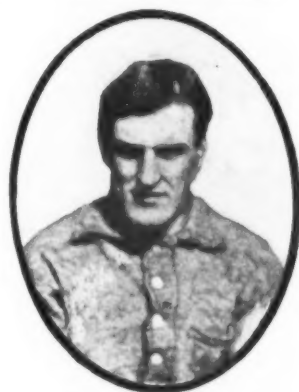
A CURIOUS contest has arisen in the Adirondacks in consequence of the attempt of William Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, to absorb the village of Brandon, N. Y., into his vast private park in that section. Mr. Rockefeller has acquired over 100,000 acres in the wilderness, and controls forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers, the entire tract teeming with



JOE PEIEA AND OLIVER LE MORA (AT RIGHT), Poor men who are fighting William Rockefeller's private-park plan in the Adirondacks.—Goldthwaite.

game. In the midst of this estate Mr. Rockefeller has built a superb country place on Bay Pond, a beautiful sheet of water. The village above named is encircled by Mr. Rockefeller's possessions. A few years ago it had 1,200 inhabitants, but the decline of the lumbering industry caused these to dwindle to a small number. Mr. Rockefeller has bought the greater portion of the village and removed the houses thus secured. But a few owners of property in Brandon refuse to sell out, persist in living practically in Mr. Rockefeller's park, and are charged with illegally fishing and hunting in his preserve. Two natives who have been most defiant opponents of the multi-millionaire are "Black Joe" Peiea, a blacksmith, and Oliver Le Mora, a veteran of the Civil War. Both these men own land in the village which they do not want to dispose of. They have both been prosecuted for trespass on Mr. Rockefeller's property, but the damages given have been nominal. Some 3,000 signs warning trespassers away are displayed on Mr. Rockefeller's estate, and one notice threatening him with death has been posted.

A FEW DAYS before the recent commencement at Yale the faculty of that university took action in a case of student misconduct which, it may be hoped, will be taken to heart by the students of all colleges and universities throughout the country. The case was that of Cornelius E. Daly, a senior, who was convicted of "cribbing" in his examinations; or, as the faculty put it in the sentence of dismissal, of "improper conduct for a member of the university." Young Daly was not only expelled from the university, but dropped from the 'varsity crew, since it is a rule that only a student in good standing can be a member of an athletic team at Yale. Mr. Daly appeared before the faculty and asserted that he had no intention of taking any unfair advantage in the examination given to the oarsmen, and that such notes as he took with him into the class-room he considered were justified under the peculiar instructions given by one of the professors. He made a good impression on the faculty, convincing several that he was not morally, even if technically, guilty. Nevertheless, he was dismissed. The young man came from Worcester, Mass., and bore an excellent reputation. He would have been graduated with his class had it not been for this error. It seems to have been a case where interest in athletics absorbed time that should have been given to study. Daly's friends have urged the faculty to reconsider its action.



CORNELIUS E. DALY, The famous Yale oarsman who was dismissed from college for "improper conduct."—Sedgwick.

THAT THE great international waterway to be constructed at Panama will have the benefit of the best engineering skill which America can produce is made certain by the appointment of Mr. John F. Stevens as chief engineer of the canal commission. Mr. Stevens, who is now fifty-two years old, has been engaged in engineering since his early manhood. His first position was that of assistant engineer of the city of Minneapolis. He then entered railway service, having charge of the surveys and acting as chief engineer of the Sabine Pass and Northwestern Railway until 1879. After this, until 1899, he held engineering positions on many Western roads, and finally, in the year named, became a vice-president of the Great Northern. Mr. Stevens's principal work, which made a record for him with the Great Northern Railway, was done while he was engineer of construction in 1899, when, with two Indian guides and a pack-mule, he started from Assiniboine to lay out the western extension of the Great Northern to the coast. The Indians deserted him and his pack-mule died. He persevered in his work, and after much hardship completed the task, locating the line as it now runs. Stevens Pass, in the Cascade Mountains, was named after him. At the time of his appointment to Panama, Mr. Stevens was in the service of the Philippine commission as government railroad expert in the construction of 1,000 miles of Philippine railways about to be built under government aid. He was to have accompanied Secretary Taft to the Philippines.



MR. JOHN F. STEVENS, Who succeeds Mr. Wallace as chief engineer of the Panama Canal. Hull.

THE RESCUE OF A FRESHMAN

By Lalla Griswold



"GO ON, O'RILEY; YE'RE DEALIN' IN PARSONAGES."

YOU CAN see her almost any morning about eight o'clock, as she pauses to get her breath under the arch of Blair Hall, and passes the time of day with Jim or Tom, the amiable college janitors, or exchanges compliments with the lady who makes the beds in the Tower. A portly, red-cheeked Irish woman, large-featured, gray-

haired, with breath coming in quick, asthmatic gasps from a capacious mouth; always neatly attired in bright calico prints, her shoulders adorned by an ample green plaid shawl, and a much beflowered bonnet on her grizzled head. She wears an air of consequence as she bustles down the walk to the tenth entry, her peculiar field of labor.

Carroll, who chanced to be showing me the glories of Princeton one day, as we passed through the arch exchanged the most cordial of nods with this good-natured lady.

"Pray," said I, "who is your charming friend?"

"That," he said, with a little laugh, "oh, that is Mrs. McFadden."

It was a bright, sunshiny morning in late September. The campus and shady streets of the old town were veiled with the indescribable haze of early Indian summer; the south wind was blowing warm and pleasant, and the scene lightened by moving young figures—innocent-looking freshmen with their caps on the backs of their heads, wicked sophomores in their gorgeous colors playing ball in the quadrangle, upper-classmen hurrying hither and thither with business-like air, or pausing now and then to greet old comrades. It all had a unique attractiveness, and appealed now, as it always did, to Mrs. McFadden's heart.

"Faith, now," observed she to Mrs. O'Riley, who was in charge of Entry No. 11, "'tis a purty sight o' gods and men."

"Yis, thet it is," responded Mrs. O'Riley; "but when Oi thinks o' the nuisances them young scalawags stands for, Oi has no patience wid 'em a-tall, and there's naught thet's lovely to me in the purty sight."

"Oh, sure, now," rejoined Mrs. McFadden, "'tis them selfsame nuisances thet puts the bread in your mouth."

"Now, there's thet young McGiffert," continued Mrs. O'Riley, not deigning to notice the rebuke implied in her companion's last remark, "a-playin' there wid a ball, fur all the world as if he was a young lord, and his room sich a sight as it 'tis! His clothes all a-heaped on the top o' his burey, and him a-havin' his baste of a dorg sleepin' right in the very selfsame bed wid him."

"'Tis sich a purty baste, though," observed our friend, with a sentimental sigh.

"'Tis a purty baste, 'tis it?" exclaimed the disgusted O'Riley. "Well, then, Missus McFadden, all thet Oi've got to say is thet your intimacy wid thet same baste is limited. 'Pon me word an' honor as a good Catholic, there's nary a room o' the college thet requires the circumlotions thet this McGiffert's does, the sophmoor scalawag. He acts as though Oi was a private sarvent and niver an extra penny does he give me; an' the loikes o' him naught but an Irish lad, like meself."

"Come, now, Sister O'Riley, Oi say a freshman is a compensation fur anybody."

"And maybe thet is so, but nary a freshman have Oi, worse luck; 'twould be a pleasure to make a bed fur a freshman, arter me experances wid the sophmoors."

"Ah, well, you're onlucky. Now Oi've jist the swatest freshman thet iver ye see in number-a-hundred-an'-noine. His own darlin' mither brought him doon th'ither day, an' she's fixed him up jist thet foine, Missus O'Riley—and he's as nate as a pin, and as purty a little darlint as iver ye see, is Mister Carroll. Sich purty black oyes an' rosy cheeks, Missus O'Riley, as 'twould do your auld heart good ter see."

"Well, then, sez Oi, Missus McFadden, ye're fortunate. But it won't be long afore he's a-larnin' all th'evil thet abounds in this place, an' mark me words, tho' it be Oi thet's tellin' ye, he'll soon be gittin' hisself boozey, and a-puttin' his room in a noice shape fer ye in the marnin'. Oi niver see yit those purty black oyes an' those same rosy cheeks, thet, by God's grace, didn't come to harm, Missus McFadden, and distress their faithers an' mithers an' all consarned."

"Thank ye, Missus O'Riley, but Oi thinks Oi observe the spleen o' your remarks. Ye're a bit jealous, Missus O'Riley. Confess it."

"Jalous! O Lord ha' mercy—jalous! Not a bit of it, Missus McFadden. Tho' Oi'm consarned, Oi admit, at the loss o' your temper."

"Devil a bit hev Oi lost me temper, Missus O'Riley, tho' ye're sich a fule as to think it."

"Then, sez Oi, Missus McFadden, Oi niver want to see ye commit the deadly sin o' anger. But in truth ye've no cause, unless ye're takin' too active a interest in—"

"Go on, O'Riley; ye're dealin' in parsonages, and Oi won't hev it from the loikes o' ye. Kindly git about your bizness; 'twould be more seemly now if ye 'tended to the makin' o' Mister McGiffert's bed, than a-standin' here answerin' back to your betters."

"Thank ye for remindin' me, Missus McFadden; 'twas thoughtful now, truly. Oi'll leave ye to your inflictions on Mister Carroll, an' may God in His marcy reward your backbitin' soul."

And Mrs. O'Riley turned away that she might the better struggle with her wrath.

"Whew!" exclaimed Mrs. McFadden, as she took her keys from her pocket. "Did Oi iver hear the loikes o' sich blasphemy, an' thet selfsame woman a-prayin' at Mass ivery Sunday loik a blissed saint or martyr."

She turned the key in the lock of No. 109, swung the door back, and paused in the vestibule to take breath.

Carroll looked up from his Livy to see who it was, and, recognizing the lady and her mission, bent silently to his task again. Mrs. McFadden did not look in to say good-morning, as her custom was, but proceeded directly to her task. There was soon a great commotion in the bedroom—the banging of chamberware, the rattling of windows, the slamming of doors, accompanied by strongly accentuated asthmatic gasps. Carroll got up from his desk, stuck his head through the portieres, and asked what was the matter.

"Matter!" exclaimed Mrs. McFadden, as she set the pitcher down with a bang and sank into a chair by the bedside, "Matter enough!" she repeated, bursting into tears.

"Oh, thunder!" thought Carroll, and wondered vaguely if anything was expected of him under the circumstances. But the flood-gates were loosed, and Mrs. McFadden wept copiously on. Now and again Carroll heard exclamations savoring of holy St. Patrick and others of the blessed dead, mingled with execrations of a certain Mrs. O'Riley in the brogue of Erin. At length the storm subsided into a series of hysteric sobs.

"Well, well," said the youngster at last, "what is the matter? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, no, me dear; nobody can't do nothin' fur me. The pose o' me moind is spiled complatey, an' all along o' that rancankerous O'Riley woman wid her insinuations."

"And who on earth is the O'Riley woman, and what did she insinuate?"

"The lady what makes the beds in the next entry," explained Mrs. McFadden, between her sobs. "Oh, me! Oh, my! her insinuations!"

"Come, come, my good woman," said Carroll, growing alarmed; "dry your eyes. Here is a dollar; go buy yourself something, and don't bother any more about the lady who makes the beds in the next entry, or her insinuations."

As he spoke he extended a crisp bill in the direction of the weeping McFadden. That lady regarded it dubiously through the chinks of her fingers which were held before her eyes; but the sobs gradually grew less, the lamentations became more faint, and finally applying a red cotton handkerchief to her swollen eyes with one hand, with the other she grasped the proffered bill, gave several convulsive gasps, and became herself again.

"Bless your swate heart, me darlint!" she exclaimed; "the sight o' your purty face makes me feel young again. Faith, an' Oi've been a-tendin' to an angel unbewares."

Carroll smiled and withdrew to his study, while Mrs. McFadden, gay as a lark on a summer's morning, cleaned that bedroom as it had never been cleaned before.

If previously Carroll had pleased her, henceforward he became a hero; the brightest, best, and most popular lad in the freshman class, which in her eyes was the best class in college. His room was cleaned and swept, dusted and scrubbed as was no other room on the campus; and always her reward was the bright smile, the kind "good-morning," or the gentlemanly "thank you," which Carroll never forgot. The extra twenty-five cents a week was a mere superfluity. She had but one fear, and that was that Carroll might employ a private servant, and whenever he was inclined to listen to her, she regaled him with tales of the deficiencies of "them sluvly nayers," who attended to the wants of a portion of the undergraduates. To silence her chatter, Carroll told her that he had no intention of employing a private servant; so at last her heart was at ease, and from that time on she regarded Carroll not only as her hero, but as her especial protégé.

The university had been in session about two months. The members of the freshman class had become used to their surroundings and to each other, and were beginning to enjoy the pleasures of their new liberty and the good-fellowship of their classmates. Clubs had been formed, friendships made, and the impetus given to many a college career for good or bad. All this time Mrs. McFadden had performed her necessary functions with commendable zeal. She had not recognized the existence of Mrs. O'Riley since

their unfortunate dispute in September, and in her stead struck up a great intimacy with Mrs. Flarety, the good-natured janitress of East Witherspoon. On slack days she paid frequent visits, and it was to this amiable widow that she confided her growing anxiety about Carroll.

"Oi'm jist thet nervous,"

she exclaimed, "thet Oi'd rether find a five-dollar bill than hev me fears confarmed."

"Sure, now, Sister McFadden," said Mrs. Flarety, consolingly, "Oi think ye're exaggeratin' the danger."

"Not a-tall, Missus Flarety, wid sich wuthless scalawags as is comin' t' see him. To think o' thet little innocent a-settin' up 'til Oi come in the marnin' a-playin' o' cards wid those hoodlums thet like as not'll git him into a quarrel and then commit murder on his body. 'Tis how they all begins."

"La, now, they're boond to sow their wild oats a bit," observed her friend.

"Wild oats, 'tis it? Don't talk to me o' wild oats, Missus Flarety; Oi've seen 'em too often; and if they sow 'em a bit they reap 'em a deal, and 'tis the Devil hisself thet waters the crop."

"Truly eno', but, then, b'ys will be b'ys," continued Mrs. Flarety, with persistent philosophy born of long experience in academic circles. But Mrs. McFadden swept her arms with emphatic deprecation.

"Yis; but, sez Oi, thet's no rayson why they should be scalawags an' villiyns. An' to think o' his swate mither, a-settin' at home, Oi'll be boond, and a-prayin' fur her wanderin' darlint. No, Missus Flarety," she added, with a tragic gesture; "there's blood i' the moon, an' Oi smell it."

"Oh, Lord ha' marcy!" exclaimed the alarmed Flarety, "ye do take on so, Missus McFadden. God grant thet ye'll niver realize your expectations."

Alas! that it should be so, but our friend's fears were only too well founded. Carroll had become familiar with a fast set, and was going a harder pace than he had ever gone before or hoped in his heart of hearts ever to go again. Late nights, much poker, and bad beer were beginning to tell on his health and spirits; his class-room work suffered, and he was a promising candidate for the "conditions" that are liberally distributed at the end of the first term. He was not really constituted for the pace; his conscience was giving him uncomfortable twinges, and in his serious moments he acknowledged to himself that he wished he were well out of it all; but he lacked the requisite courage for a summary reformation. He was quite ignorant, of course, of the gentle passion he had inspired in the breast of Mrs. McFadden, or of the tender anxiety she was suffering on his behalf, and if he had known it he would have been as much amused as any one else.

His father and mother suddenly announced their intention of paying him a visit on a certain Saturday in November, taking in the Princeton-Brown game and spending the following Saturday. Carroll had already arranged for a little spread in his room the night before, and was not inclined to recall the invitations in spite of the parental advent being so painfully near. Moreover he trusted to the combined virtues of bromoseltzer and an early dip in the tank to restore him to a proper condition in which to meet his parents at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. So the spread as previously announced was held. Carroll had arranged everything in excellent style. The services of a local caterer were impressed, copious beer supplied, and a half-dozen quarts of champagne, purchased in New York, reserved to crown the feast. Altogether he spent a great deal more than he could afford, or that any one except a freshman would have spent under the circumstances.

Carroll made an excellent host; the feast was consumed by his friends with the utmost good nature; the beer was drunk freely, stories were told, songs sung, speeches made, toasts proposed, everything done, in fact, that ought to be done on such an auspicious occasion. There was a glorious consumption of "wine and wassail" until far into the night. Upon the final motion made to disperse, Carroll struggled to his unsteady feet, filled his glass with champagne, and in eloquent but uncertain English begged them to prolong the joy; he toasted them again, his dear and loving comrades, his very, very best friends, toasted the class, toasted the college, Old North, the faculty, the absence committee, anything and everything that came into his head; and finally, with his arms around the neck of his nearest neighbor, he sank back upon his seat, ceased to remember, ceased to enjoy, ceased to

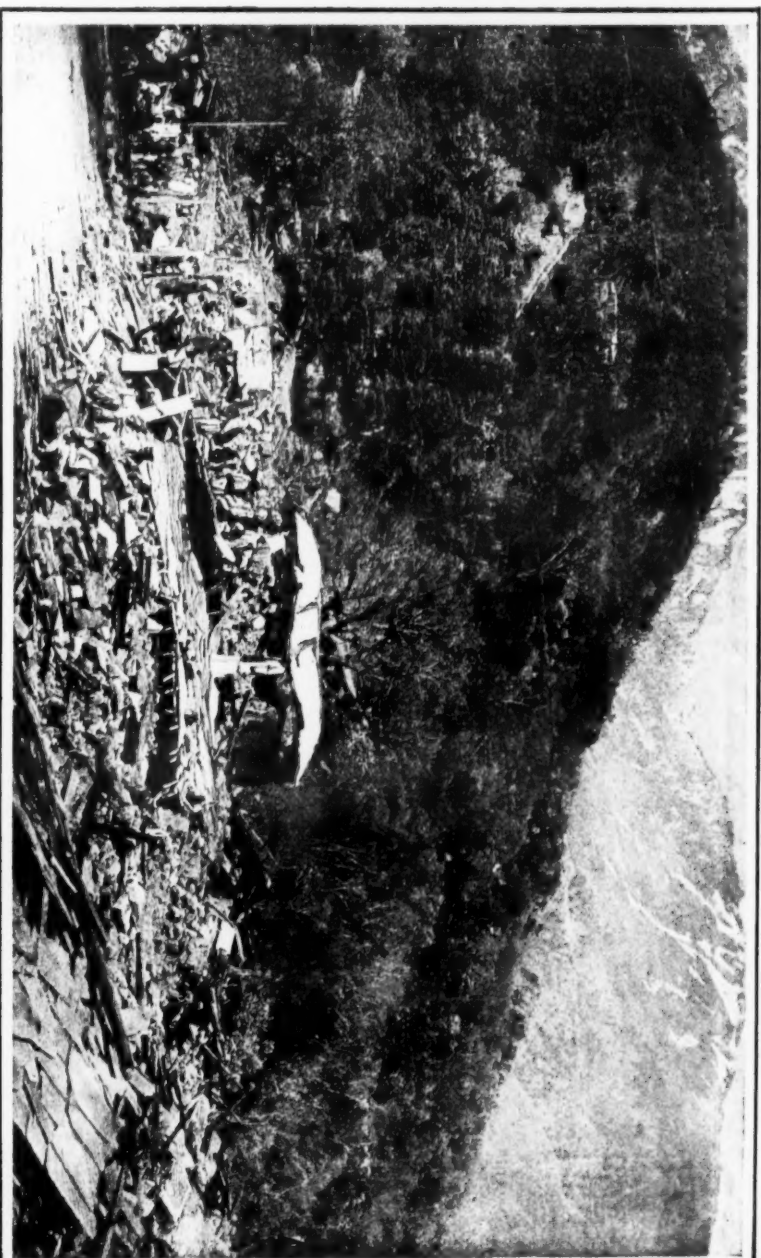
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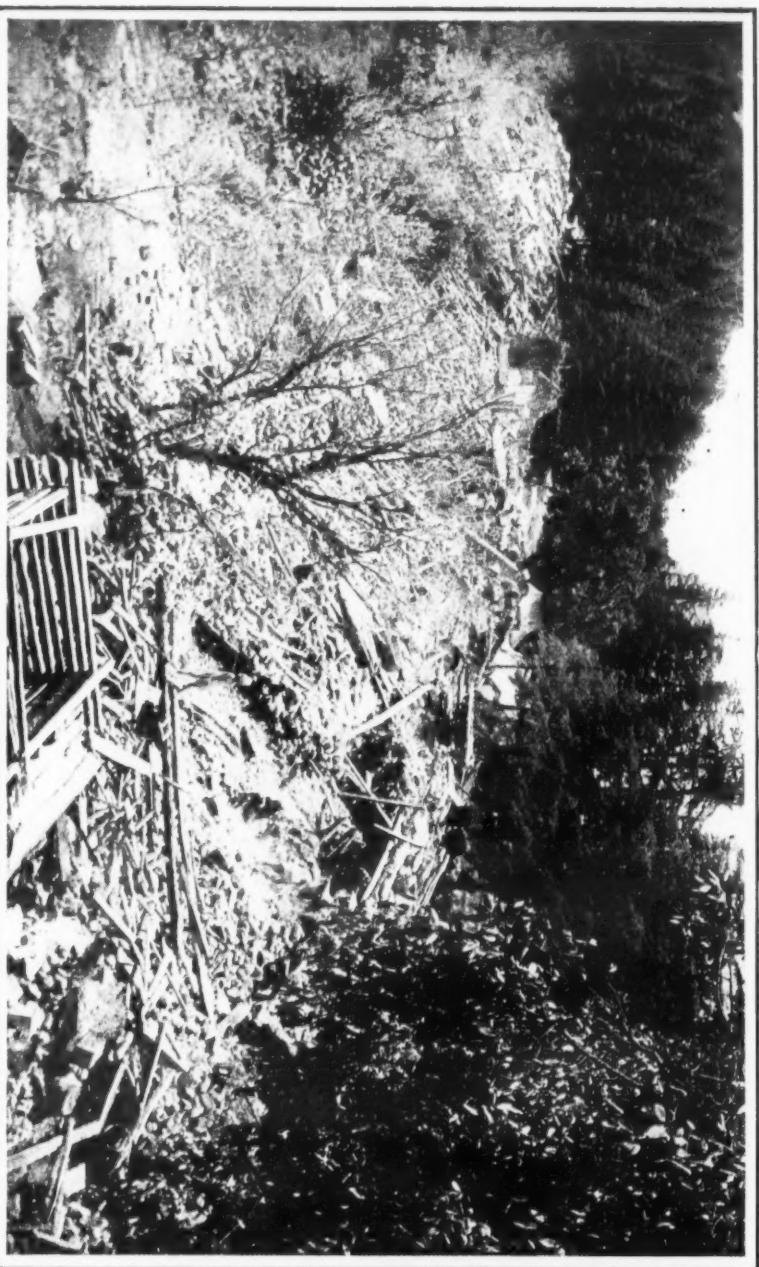
"THANK YE FOR REMINDIN' ME, 'MISSUS' MCFADDEN."



UTTERLY DESTROYED BHOWAN TEMPLE AT KANGRA, UNDER WHOSE RUINS AND THOSE OF NEAR-BY BUILDINGS 2,000 PILGRIMS AND OTHERS WERE BURIED.



RUINS OF THE KATTAH BAZAAR, LOWER DHARMSALA, WHERE 900 PERSONS PERISHED.



MCLEOD GUNGE, WHERE 800 UNFORTUNATES LOST THEIR LIVES DURING THE SHOCKS.



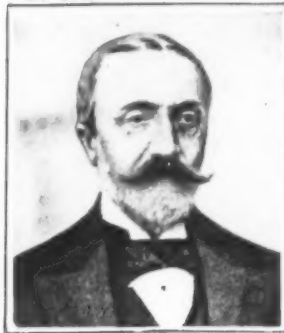
SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE JAIL AT DHARMSALA, IN WHICH MANY IMPRISONED BANDITS WERE KILLED.

FEARFUL TRACES OF INDIA'S LATE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

WRECKAGE OF PROMINENT BUILDINGS AT VARIOUS POINTS WHOSE DESTRUCTION CAUSED THE DEATH OR SERIOUS INJURY OF NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND PERSONS.—*The Empress*.



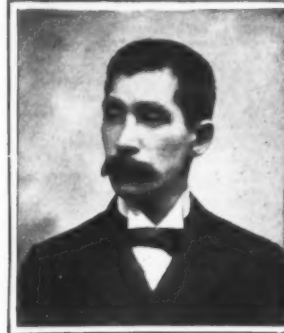
N. V. MURIAVIEFF,
Ex-Minister of Justice in Russia, and
president of the Venezuela tribunal
at The Hague in 1903.



BARON ROMAN R. ROSEN,
The new Russian ambassador to the
United States, and formerly Rus-
sian minister to Tokyo.



KOGORO TAKAHIRA,
Present Japanese minister to the
United States, and a diplomat
of wide experience.



BARON JUTARO KOMURA,
Foreign Minister of Japan, and once
the Japanese minister at
Washington.

THE SPECIAL ENVOYS WHO WILL MEET IN THIS COUNTRY TO CONCLUDE PEACE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Good and Interesting Books.

ONE OF THE most readable and interesting books of recent publication is the "Autobiography of Andrew D. White." This work, in two royal octavo volumes of 600 pages each, with five photogravure portraits of the author, records the recollections of a long, useful, and honored life, one of exceptional and varied activity, and of brilliant success in several fields. Mr. White has been eminent in education, politics, statecraft, diplomacy, and literature, and during his career he has come in contact with many famous men and participated in events of high importance. He relates things that are of historical value, and his estimates of great personages are apt and convincing. Both in matter and in style this is a model autobiography, and it will please and profit every American who shall read it. (The Century Company, New York.)

Few books are published that are so attractive to the eye as is "Athletics at Princeton—A History." An octavo of over six hundred pages, beautifully printed on heavy calendered paper, fully illustrated, and with a velvet binding, it presents a sumptuous appearance. The contents of the volume are of especial value to Princeton men, but they will interest lovers of athletics in any college. The work has been compiled and edited by Frank Presbrey, '79, and James Hugh Moffatt, '00, and Henry Van Dyke, '73, has written an introduction for it. All these are "sons of old Nassau," whose hearts were in the undertaking; and as the volume was published under the supervision and sanction of the graduate advisory committee, it is authoritative as well as readable. The record here given of Princeton's doings in athletics reflects great credit on that side of the university's activities. It is a story of progress, of improved methods of training, and of many successes. Every loyal Princetonian will peruse it with pride and pleasure. The edition is limited to 200 copies, but it would seem as if this number would be altogether too small to meet the demand for the book. It sets a standard, both in letter-press and make-up, for works of the kind, which historians of athletics in other universities will find it difficult to equal. (Published by the Frank Presbrey Company, New York.)

A practical work on the art of cookery in Germany may be found in "German National Cookery," by Henriette Davides. The book, which is a standard authority in Germany, contains 550 recipes for characteristic German dishes, with English translations, a vocabulary of culinary terms in both languages, a table of contents and indices. The work has been adapted for use in the United States, and it appeals to all who are fond of the dishes of the fatherland. Taste for these is by no means confined to people of German birth or descent. Thousands of others will appreciate this book. All cooks should test the recipes. (Caterer Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.)



THE WORLD'S TENNIS QUEEN.

MISS MAY SUTTON, OF CALIFORNIA, WHO IS THE WOMAN CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.—*Matteson.*



FLORAL OFFERINGS FROM EMINENT MEN. LEFT TO RIGHT: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S WREATH, EMPEROR OF JAPAN'S WREATH, KING EDWARD'S WREATH. ON THE GROUND, UNDER THE CENTRE WREATH, IS THAT OF THE JAPANESE MINISTER.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Athlete's Garland." By Wallace Rice.
"The Old Man's Idyl." By Wolcott Johnston.
"The White Christ." By Robert A. Bennett.
"The Flower of Destiny." By William B. Orcutt.

From the Macmillan Company, New York.

"The American Thoroughbred." By Charles E. Trevathan.
"William Cullen Bryant." By William Bradley.
"Mrs. Dane's Defense." By Henry A. Jones.
"The Bahama Islands." By George B. Shattuck.
"Mrs. Darrell." By Foxcroft Davis.
"The Game." By Jack London. \$1.50.
"A Dark Lantern." By Elizabeth Robins. \$1.50.
"The House of Cards." By John Heigh. \$1.50.
"The Wheels of Chance." By H. C. Wells.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton." By Isabel Moore.
"Shelburne Essays." By Paul E. Moore.
"The Voyageur." By William H. Drummond.
"The Story of the Congo Free State." By Henry W. Wack.

From John Lane, New York.

"Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Kt." By John Lane.
"The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." By William J. Locke.

From Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"The Walking Delegate." By Le Roy Scott.
"The Mortgage on the Brain." By Vincent Harper.
"John Henry Smith." By Frederick Upham Adams. \$1.50.
"The Life Worth Living." By Thomas Dixon, Jr. \$1.20.
"The Little Conscript." By Ezra S. Brudno. \$1.50.

From Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"The Purple Parasol." By George B. McCutcheon.
"The Van Suyden Sapphires." By Charles Carey.
"May Margaret." By S. R. Crockett. \$1.50.
"Motors and Motoring." By Henry J. Spooner. 50 cents.
"Radium Explained." By Dr. W. Hampton. 50 cents.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

"The Matrimonial Bureau." By Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber.

From Wood & Co., New York.

"Russian Life and Society." By Brevet Captain Nathan Appleton.

From the Neale Publishing Co., New York.

"Life Illumined." By Ella D. Moore.

From F. H. Revell Co., New York.

"For a Free Conscience." By L. C. Woods.
"Duncan Polite." By Marian Keith. \$1.50.

From the Fred A. Stokes Co., New York.

"A Courier of Fortune." By Arthur W. Marchmont.

From Brentano's, New York.

"The Lunatic at Large." By J. Storer Clouston.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Tuskegee and Its People." Edited by Booker T. Washington.

From Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

"Tor: A Street Boy of Jerusalem." By Florence Morse Kingsley. 50 cents.



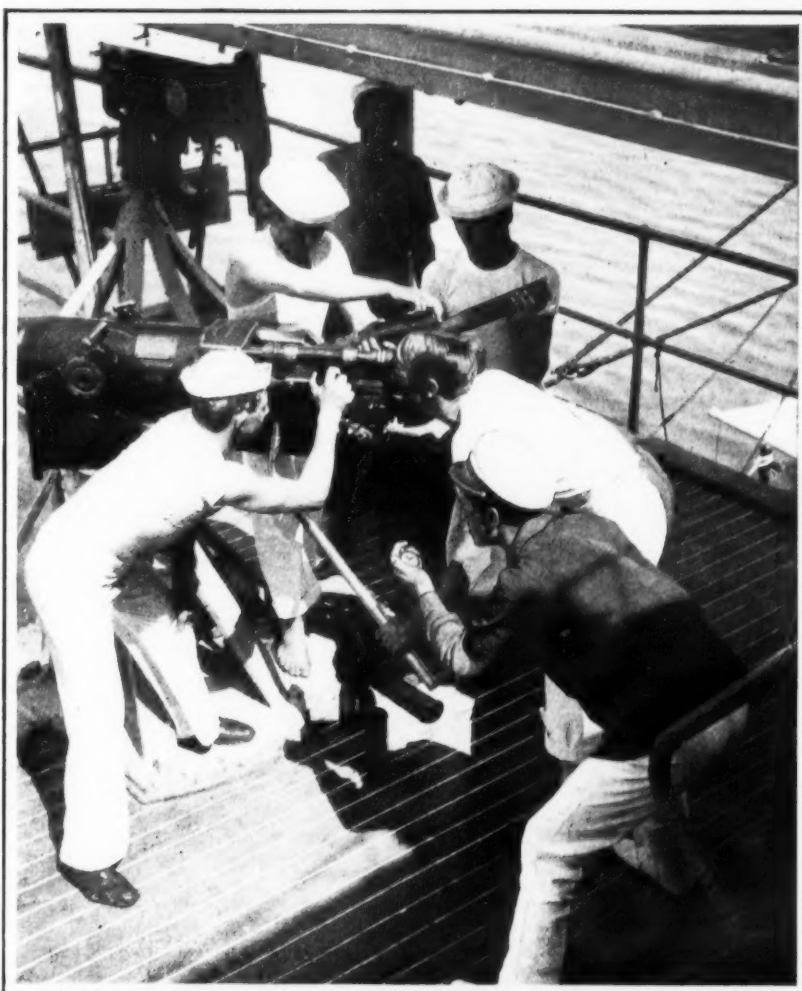
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS, FOLLOWED BY MEMBERS OF THE CABINET, LEAVING THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO ENTER CARRIAGES AT THE FUNERAL. (X) JAPANESE MINISTER.

LAST SAD HONORS TO SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY.

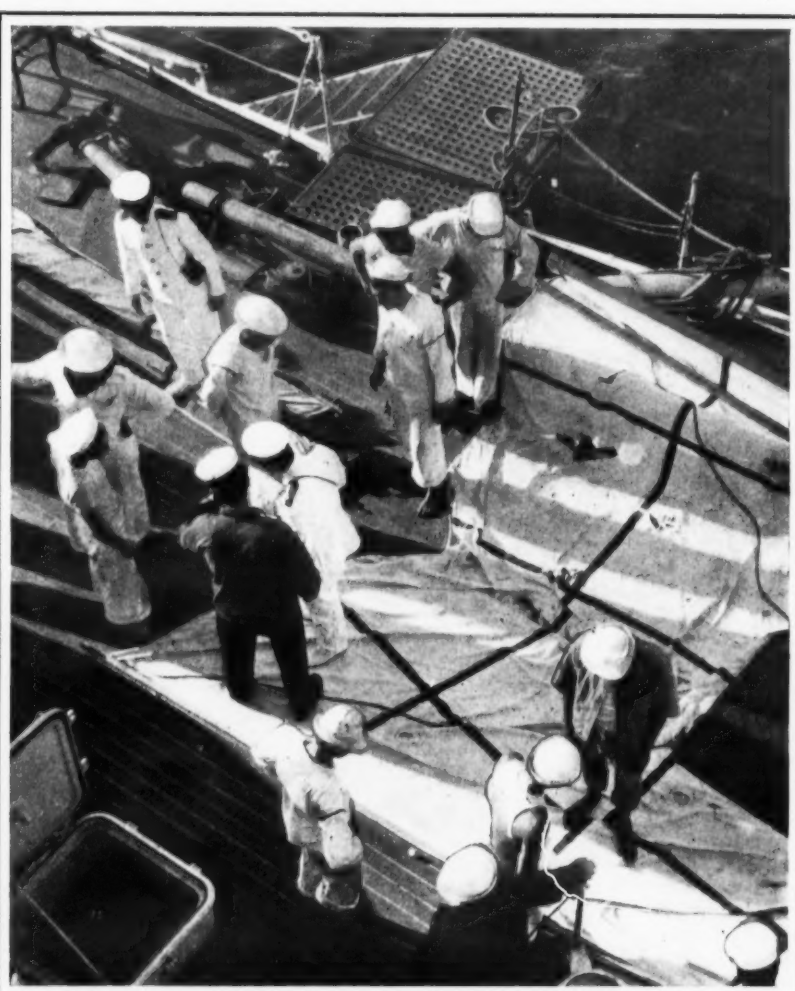
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER EMINENT MEN AT THE GREAT DIPLOMAT'S FUNERAL IN CLEVELAND, O., AND SOME OF THE MAGNIFICENT FLORAL OFFERINGS.—*Photographs by L. van Oeyen.*



FORWARD TURRET AND HANDLING-ROOM CREW OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "WISCONSIN," TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE MOST REMARKABLE RECORD STRING WAS FIRED.



UNIQUE SNAP-SHOT PICTURE OF A GUN CREW ABOARD A WAR-SHIP ENERGETICALLY ENGAGED IN FIRING A MAXIM SEMI-AUTOMATIC SIX-POUNDER.



OFFICERS AND MEN ON A NAVAL VESSEL ENTHUSIASTICALLY EXAMINING A TARGET AT WHICH GOOD SHOTS WERE MADE DURING GUN PRACTICE.



COMBINING PLEASURE WITH BUSINESS—THE REPAIR CREW OF A WAR-SHIP WAITING ON THE TARGET FLOAT FOR A NEW TARGET.



CAPACIOUS BREECH OF A THIRTEEN-INCH GUN ON THE BATTLE-SHIP "WISCONSIN," FURNISHING AN AMPLE BERTH FOR A STALWART SAILOR.

SKILLED MEN BEHIND THE GUNS ON AN AMERICAN WAR-SHIP.
A CREW THAT MADE A NOTABLE RECORD, A ZEALOUS SQUAD FIRING A SIX-POUNDER, AND AN INTERESTED INSPECTION OF A RIDDLED TARGET.—*Photographs by Robert D. Jones, United States Navy.*



A Chinese School in New York

By Harriet Quimby



PERCHED BEHIND a row of desks on a sunny top floor in the heart of the Oriental quarter, are some twenty-five bright-faced little Chinese youngsters cudgeling their small heads over the three Rs essential to an American education, and also the queer hieroglyphics of the Chinese language. Upon each desk is a little camel's-hair brush, a cake of india ink, an ink stone, and a small jar of water. When the writing lesson is called the children dip the brushes in the water, then in the ink, and rubbing them off on the stone are ready for work. Although there are several schools, including a public branch, for the Chinese children of San Francisco, a school exclusively for the little Celestials is absolutely new to New York. It is an acquisition of the all-powerful Chinese Empire Reform Association, and it is supported by the rich Chinese of the quarter. Of the many foreign nations represented here, none appreciates the value of education more than the Chinese. To succeed in competition with the Americans they know it is necessary to speak English, and while most of the fathers consider themselves too old to begin a new study, they are determined that their children shall have the advantage of all the knowledge held between the covers of American school-books. They are no longer content to figure out their profits and losses on the queer little counting-boards of the Chinese mathematicians, but they want fractions and decimals.

Some few of the children here have been attending the public school but with their limited knowledge of the language they are handicapped, although, strange as it may seem, they have a capacity for absorbing almost double the amount of learning in about half the time required by the average white child of the same years. Their little slant eyes seem to see nothing but their books, and they have far too much reverence for their teacher to think of throwing spit-balls, or pulling the queue of the little next-door neighbor, as the average white youth is celebrated for doing. In pursuit of the American education the Chinese are faithful to their mother tongue and the teaching of Confucius. Mr. Leong Mon Hain, a learned professor from Canton, has been brought to this country for the express purpose of teaching the Chinese part of this New York school, and in his duty he is assisted by Mr. Fong

Chew, the editor of the local Chinese paper. The children study Chinese from nine until twelve every morning, and the rest of the day is devoted to English under the supervision of Miss Grace Johnston, a sweet-faced young teacher who is more than interested in her quaint little charges.

When the little Chinese are six years of age they are sent to school. This is a most important event, and often a fortune-teller is consulted, that a lucky day may be chosen. When the day is finally decided upon the Celestial baby is decked out in brand-new clothes, wonderful in color and of a fine silken texture. In his wide sleeve he carries a small gift for the teacher. On his first day he also burns some incense before a tablet bearing the name of Confucius. Then he is ready for anything in the way of learning that may come along. Learning to read and write in Chinese is no easy task, for the language has no alphabet and every one of the funny little hieroglyphics stands for a different word. The only way of getting the sound of a word is to hear the teacher pronounce it. When the small student begins to read he must understand thousands of these different characters at sight and pronounce them according to the local dialect.

One of the bewildering features of a Chinese school is that the children all study aloud, shouting at the top of their voices, and making a din warranted to drive an American teacher frantic, but which is sweetest music to the Chinese teacher. Each child has a separate lesson consisting of a number of lines which he must learn perfectly. He studies them blind, as it were, for not until he has them letter perfect is he told of their meaning by the teacher. Perhaps this endless memorizing is the secret of the little Orientals' remarkable aptitude for walking straight through the American school-books, fractions, grammars, and all, with apparent ease. Another thing about these children is that they go to school to learn, and they take their lessons as a serious business. Each one knows that there is a very particular reason for having him educated in the English way. It is a matter of fact, however, that all foreigners learn faster than a native American, no matter what study they may take up together, or in what country they take it up. The foreigner has fewer pastimes to divert him from his study. He feels strange where all his little companions are skipping gayly through their books, and having a picnic at the same time.

In his loneliness he devotes himself the more to study. He also has an exaggerated idea of his own ignorance. In his constant striving to overcome this he passes the little triflers on the way, and as a rule averages several per cent. higher in every one of his studies.

In the Chinese public school of San Francisco last year, an examination showed that the Celestial youngsters reached a higher percentage than those in any other public school having no grade higher than the seventh. The percentage was 100. One of its pupils, Wong Bok Yue, attained a higher average than any other pupil of any color or grade in the city. Wong's per cent. was ninety-seven, and the highest average made by any white scholar was ninety-four. The seventh grade of the Chinese school ran from eighty-four to ninety-seven—a remarkably high average. In the fourth grade an individual percentage of ninety-nine was attained, while no pupil ran lower than eighty-two. In some of the white grades pupils ran as low as zero, while one entire grade averaged only sixteen.

In the New York school Miss Johnston had great difficulty at first in making the children understand that while they might shout out their lessons during the morning Chinese session, they must study quietly during the afternoon. The children take with avidity to the singing, and also the calisthenic part of the American teaching. Henry Wing, a bright-faced boy of twelve, speaks perfect English, and when the others get puzzled over a word he takes great delight in explaining it in Chinese, and helping the teacher out. Lee Yow and Lee Yen, both under twelve years, are well up in fractions, and they read and write well. Many of the girls bring the baby of the family to school with them, for, like the girls of other nations, they, too, play the part of little mothers. The belle of the school is a shy bit of humanity, who is nevertheless a little coquette, with her rings and bangles and vivacious manner, which would do credit to a grown-up after her second season. Her name is Tom Gay, and on the occasion of the writer's visit to the school little Tom was most wonderfully attired in a combination of purple and green, with red silk twisted in her slick braid and hanging in a tassel. Tom has just joined the school, but already she has mastered some of the alphabet, she is expected to make rapid progress.

FOG SIGNALS ON SMALL CRAFT

THE DAILY press recently announced that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had bought a controlling interest in an invention of a fog-signal system, which consists of devices for communicating submarine signals from lighthouses or other stationary structures to passing vessels, so that in foggy weather the proximity and location of the land or stationary object can be accurately signaled to the vessel. The article stated that Mr. Morgan purchased the rights only after a most exhaustive and satisfactory test of the system on his private yacht, the *Corsair*. Such a device, as herein indicated, if it works effectively, would be of incalculable benefit to shipping; not only for commercial and pleasure craft, but also for government vessels in war and peace, and further information on the subject will, no doubt, be eagerly looked for. But while this feature is of immense importance and value, there is another field for inventive genius of even wider scope in that far greater risks to life and property are encountered on the ocean and in bays, rivers, and harbors all over the civilized world whenever vessels approach each other in a dense fog, even when the most efficient system of fog bells and whistles is closely followed.

Let us illustrate: Article 15 of the International Regulations of the Rule of the Road at Sea says: "A steam vessel shall be provided with an efficient whistle or siren sounded by steam, or some substitute for steam, and with an efficient fog-horn, and also with an efficient bell. A sailing vessel shall be provided with a similar fog-horn and bell." The article does not, however, specify what is an efficient fog-horn or bell, and in practice each captain of a vessel, large or small—steam, electric, gasoline, or sail—must be his own judge of what the word "efficient" means; and it is absurd to suppose that the owner or skipper of a sailing vessel or small pleasure yacht would deem it necessary, in compliance with the authorized rules of the road at sea, or as a means of protecting his own little vessel, to provide a fog-horn, whistle, or bell that would emit a sound signal as loud and penetrating as would be selected by his brother captain on an ocean liner. And yet, curious to say, the small craft actually needs to send out a louder fog signal than his big neighbor, because of the fact that on the larger vessel, especially on an ocean liner like the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* or the new 25,000-ton *Caronia*, the noises are of so many kinds and generally so loud that the feeble toot of a fog-horn or bell from a small vessel would not likely be heard on the big craft until the little one was so close as to prevent collision in a thick fog.

Ship-owners will recall many cases where ocean liners have run down small vessels in dense fogs in

various harbors and rivers; one most notable instance being the cutting in two by the *Adriatic* of the *Harvest Queen*, a small vessel, in the Mersey some years ago, when many lives were lost. Poor fellows! they went down to their death while vainly trying to make their feeble fog signals heard on the big ship, the look-out and crew of which were wholly ignorant of the proximity of the smaller vessel, the noise of their own steam-whistle and bell no doubt drowning out the lesser sounds from the other boat. What would seem to be needed is an absolute rule, of international scope, that all registered vessels, large and small—steam, electric, gasoline, or sail—shall be equipped with de-

tonators or gun signals, which must be set off at specified short intervals during fog. Such signals are simple, efficient, and easily operated by any one, and are inexpensive. Suppose, for instance, in the Mersey case, the small vessel had fired a gun at brief intervals, or had sent up a rocket that would explode noisily, is it not certain that the penetrating sound would have reached the ears of the look-out on the big ship, and so have prevented the collision?

The fog-signal system adopted by the United States government for use in harbors and on lighthouses and dangerous shoals consists of electro-mechanical devices so arranged as to sound a bell or fog-horn at frequent regular intervals in accordance with a predetermined code of signals which will accurately locate their source in each case. The actuating mechanism is so skillfully devised and constructed that it becomes in effect an "instrument of precision," practically infallible in its operation. The advantage of such a method over one involving manual operation is obvious, and there does not appear to be any good reason why it should not be distinctly advantageous for some such apparatus to be used on all ocean liners and other large craft, smaller vessels being equipped as herein proposed, with gun signals or rockets. But to make the plan effective it should be of international application enforced by legislative power where necessary. If the United States Navy and Treasury departments and the British Admiralty boards were to take the initiative, the respective departments or boards of other countries would no doubt fall in line. D. H. B.

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God Bless the Human Sunbeams.

GOD bless the human sunbeams,
The men both strong and true,
Who daily sing or whistle
At all they have to do.
Their eyes are clear and merry,
Their step is firm, but light,
Their laugh 's a benediction,
And life once more seems bright.

GOD bless the human sunbeams,
The women who, though sad,
Can still be self-forgetful
And other hearts make glad.
Theirs is a blessed mission;
Their smile can make night day,
Their cheery words of comfort
Soon drive all clouds away.

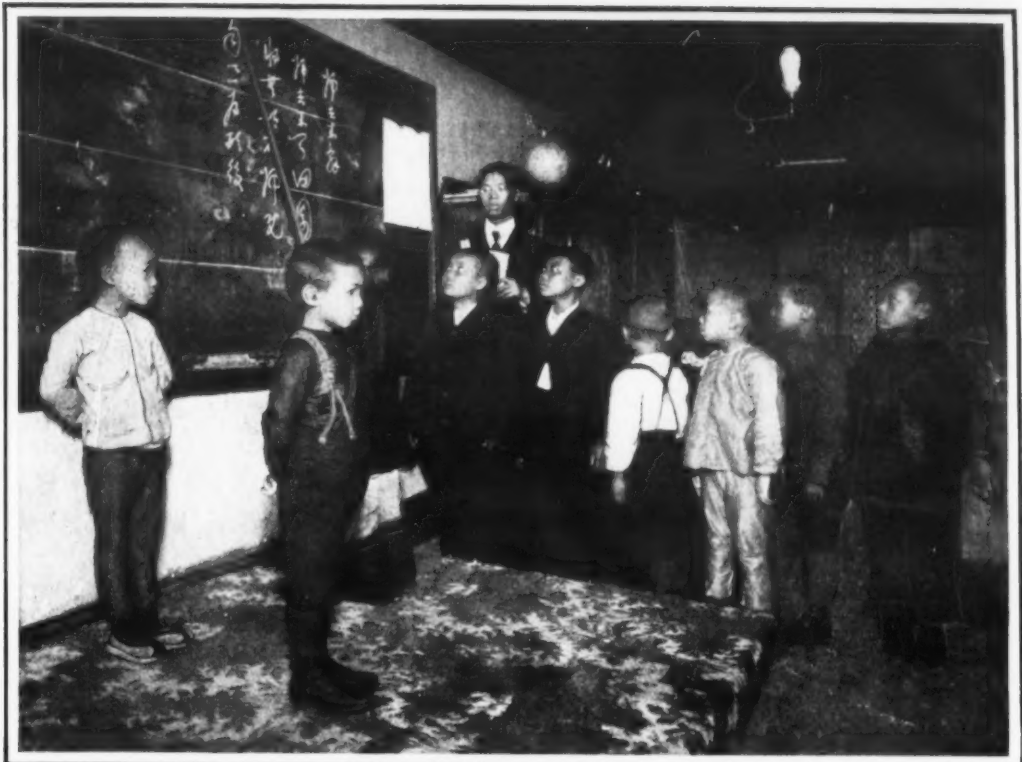
GOD bless the human sunbeams,
The children fair and fond,
Who come into our presence,
Life's hardest lessons conned.
Their prattle falls like music,
Just as a tear-drop starts,
Their kisses and caresses
Can ease poor burdened hearts.

GOD bless the human sunbeams,
Men, women, children, too,
Who add to life much sweetness,
And leave us less to rue.
God bless them all! God bless them!
They do His work so well.
Reward will follow after,
And heaven the story tell.

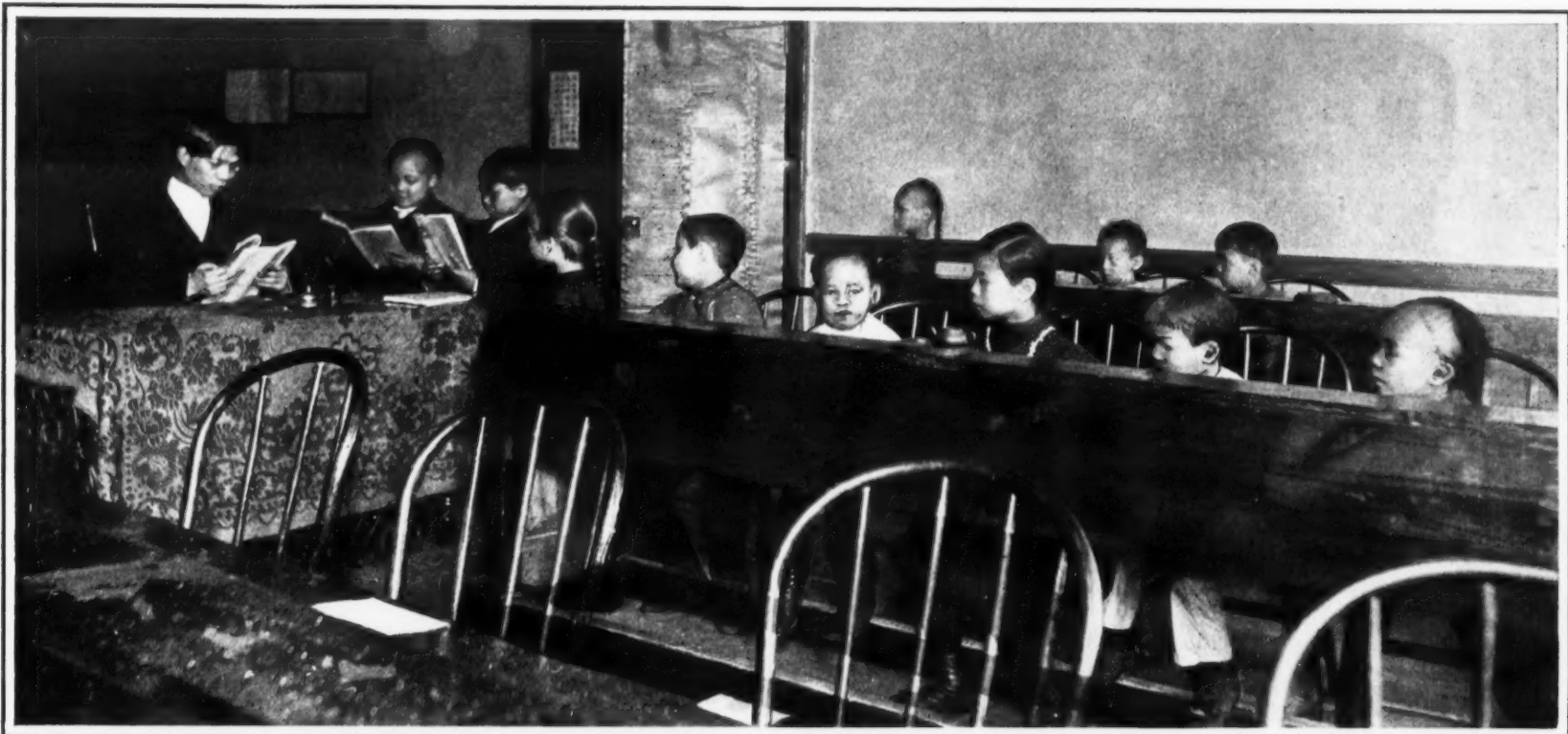
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TEACHER LEONG MON HAIN AND THE ADVANCED CLASS.



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MISS JOHNSTON LOCATING CHINA ON THE GLOBE.



LEE GIN'S FIRST WEEK IN FIGURES.

NEW YORK'S SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR CHINESE CHILDREN.

ODD SCENES IN THE PLACE OF LEARNING WHERE YOUNG CHINAMEN ARE TAUGHT IN BOTH CHINESE AND ENGLISH.

Photographs by Harriet Quimby. See opposite page.



Inhumanities of the Japanese

By Eleanor Franklin, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly



TOKIO, June 8th, 1905.

THE PROOF, to my mind, that the Japanese as a people are inherently cruel lies in the fact that the grossest inhumanities, such as would draw a protesting crowd in any other country, seem to pass absolutely unobserved on the streets of Japanese cities. I was asked the other day to deliver an address before the ladies of the Japanese Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Tokio, and at the instant I rather welcomed what seemed to me an opportunity to tell about a few of the atrocities I have myself seen perpetrated during my year's residence in the country; but when I outlined my intentions I was told that they would never do; that as a foreigner I must say only nice, complimentary things to my audience; I must confine myself to stories of cruelties in other lands and gain my point by observing with pride that such things could never happen in an enlightened land like Japan, where the people are gentle and full of sympathetic understanding for the sufferings of the least of the creatures of earth. But it takes longer than a year, even in this country, to learn well the art of indirection, so I declined the proffered honor on the plea of my inability to meet the requirements. I could not remember ever having seen in any other country anything that could be compared to the exhibitions of brutality that are so common over here. Of course Japan must accept judgment upon Western standards, since she has aspired to a place among nations such as has never been won by an Oriental country. She has become Occidental in all outward seeming, and although some of her peculiarly Oriental characteristics are perhaps unduly emphasized by contrast with her new and admirable acquisitions, they are nevertheless such blots as she should not hesitate to submit to the purifying fire of direct and merciless criticism. But that is not Japan's way. A Japanese may criticize anything Japanese as freely and unmercifully as he pleases; but let a foreigner dare to do likewise, and he meets a quiet and scornful resentment which is likely to dampen his enthusiasm.

To begin with, the Japanese are cruel to themselves and cruel to each other, and their standard of mercy seems to be so low that they cannot recognize as cruelties things which impress us as atrocities. They are taken as mere matters of course, to be expected in this earth life from which the good Lord Buddha has taught them to pray unceasingly for deliverance. Medical science, which is a comparatively new thing in Japan, has served to enlighten the people more than anything else that the new era has given them; so now one of the worst features of their inhumanity is rapidly giving way to modern conditions, which will doubtless in time envelop all traces of it. This is the absolute disregard with which human affliction has always been treated. Up to a very short time ago it was considered a sort of affront to society in general for anybody to be ill. The small sicknesses of every-day life were treated with the utmost indifference, and the sick one, especially if it happened to be a woman, was left in the hands of some crazy old medicine-man who burned her with *moxa* or performed incantations for her relief until Nature reasserted herself. But if a member of a family happened to be stricken with leprosy or any other loathsome and incurable disease, he or she was thrust mercilessly from the house and forced to go out on the highways, away from the villages, to gain an uncertain living by begging from the infrequent pedestrians. Even now it is not an unusual thing to see a horrible, scaly, crumbling wretch doubled up in the dust by the roadside, holding out a withered, trembling hand to chance passers-by who never seem to notice. I myself have seen things which turned my soul sick and made me wonder if this is a civilized nation aspiring to the highest ideals of twentieth-century development.

An equally conspicuous evidence of Japanese heartlessness is the manner in which insane people are treated. Up to a very short time ago there were no institutions of any sort provided for these unfortunates, and they were confined in open cages like wild beasts and allowed to starve and freeze, or famish from thirst and burn up in the hot summer sun, as the case might be. Such abject cruelty cannot be believed of sane human beings, but in Japan it is not by any means a thing of the past. Most of the insane-asylums in the country are of Christian origin, but there is far from sufficient accommodation in them for all the afflicted, and in many quarters the same conditions prevail which constituted one of the horrors of Japan in the old Shogunal days. Down at Miyajima, the sacred island in the beautiful Inland Sea, I was terrified one evening by a succession of unearthly shrieks from somewhere in the depths of the woods up behind the little Japanese inn where I was stopping. I asked my servant what it was, and he laughed when he told me it was "nothing but a crazy woman in a cage up in the ravine." It made my blood run cold, and I was glad to leave the place next morning and get away from a possibility of again hearing the heartrending, lonely cry.

Japanese inhumanity to man has doubtless developed through centuries of such conditions as are peculiar to a feudal form of government which rules the lower classes by fear, and compels, through unyielding cruelty, an abject obedience to its demands. In the laws of Iyeyasu, the founder of the great Tokugawa Shogunate, there are many such gentle little bits as this: "Criminals are to be punished by branding or beating or tying up, and, in capital cases, by spearing or decapitation; but the old punishments of tearing to pieces or boiling to death are not to be used." The torture of suspected criminals was not abolished as a legal proceeding until 1877, and there are several foreigners resident in Japan now who can testify to public crucifixions which wrung from them sympathetic tears and turned them sick with horror, but at which the Japanese populace gazed unmoved or passed by with hardly a glance of interest or pity. The Japanese instinct of pity has been blunted by long abuse under such social conditions as would effect the same result in any other land, and they have developed a heartlessness so adamant that it does not even recognize itself as heartlessness. The people are as cruel to themselves as they are to others, exposing themselves to all sorts of unnecessary rigors and sufferings, and counting it merit to bear all things without a sign. And of course they have only scorn for the man or woman who expects commiseration for any reason. These characteristics one ceases in time to deplore in the Japanese, and there comes a feeling of simple astonishment as one observes the evidences of unfeeling stoicism in every individual under all circumstances. "Go ahead and torture yourself; nobody cares and you look as if you deserved it," is invariably the eventual attitude of the foreigner.



MAN DRAWING A DOUBLE 'RIKSHA AND KEPT ON AN ALMOST CONTINUAL RUN BY HIS IMPATIENT FARES.

In winter most of the common people dress exactly as they do in summer, and it is a common sight during the cold months to see laborers out toiling in the snow, or in sleety rain more often, barefooted and clad only in the thinnest cotton tunic and drawers, while women expose themselves in a way that easily explains why decrepitude claims a majority of them long before they are fifty. One doesn't much mind, after a while, what a Japanese does to himself or to a brother man, but the exhibitions of cruelty to animals never cease to be horrible and never cease to inspire in a Westerner an almighty desire to instill into the natures of these people a sense of appreciation for the feelings of the poor brutes that are unable to speak for themselves. Among these "brutes" I think I would include a number of jinrikisha pullers, who are treated with even less consideration than is meted out to the horses whose companions in toil it is their lot to be. There are in Japan a great many double 'rikshas, in which two grown people and a child, or a woman with several children, can bestow themselves, and it is not at all an uncommon sight to see one poor little scrawny 'riksha man pulling one of these family vehicles loaded to its utmost capacity. Every step he takes he is adjured in many shrill voices to "hayaku!" (hurry up), and he runs along with head down and muscles straining, perspiration pouring off his face, until he comes to a hill. Then he needs must come down to a walk and strain slowly and wearily up the ascent in a zigzag course, which sometimes proves too much for his strength. Would one of that Japanese family think of getting down and walking up the hill? Or would they think of spending a few extra *sen* for an *atoshi*, or push-man? No, indeed. They sit tight and let the little *kuramaya* half kill himself without apparently observing that there is any difficulty at all.

Many a time I have felt like belaboring a big, lazy Japanese with my umbrella, or any other handy weapon, for this piece of heartlessness. Yet, at the same time, one has to admit that the *kuramaya* knows

when he has reached his limit, and he can say so and refuse to be driven to any further exertion; but such is not the case with the poor horses and oxen that are daily worked to the point of death by their cruel owners. There are a great many hills in Japan, and it is almost impossible to go for a little drive or 'riksha ride without encountering such sights as turn one sick with pity and resentment. A Japanese doesn't know what an overload is. He simply piles things on a wagon until nothing more will stay on, then he whips sufficient strength into his horse or ox to pull it. The oxen are all great, big, lumbering black fellows, with the most pathetic and dejected look I ever saw. They each have a ring in their nose, and their drivers lead them by a rope attached to this, supplementing the torture thus inflicted by beatings with a great, heavy stick. On Camp Hill, in Yokohama, the other day, I all but got myself into trouble, and if the poor old ox had not given up under his load I should certainly have brought up in the police court; but, fortunately for me, the half-dead brute lay down in the street and the driver was forced to unload.

Camp Hill is about five or six blocks in length and is the steep road which has been cut up to the Bluff, where all the foreigners live. The wagon was loaded with great, heavy timbers, evidently being taken to where a new building was going up, and it was enough to test the strength of four big draught horses on a hill like that, but the wretched, low-browed, unfeeling carter was making one poor old ox do it all, and was treating him with such cruelty that the brute was crying like a human being. I have seen such instances of individual brutality in other countries, of course. Everybody has. But I never saw anything like it

passed by without notice by dozens of people, as this was. The Japanese never seem to see those things, or if they see them they fail to recognize the cruelty in them. This same old ox, after finishing his awful task, would probably be tied up by his bleeding, sore nose to a ring so high up in the side of a wall that his head would be pulled back until his horns touched his shoulders, and there he would be left to stand in agony for hours. How often I have seen this awful exhibition on the country roads throughout Japan, and how it has made me hate the smiling little people who are capable of such heartlessness!

During harvest-time in summer there is a sight which one may see on any country highway or footpath that would be extremely funny if it were not so cruel. There are no wagons in a great many farming districts, because the land has always been too valuable to waste in roadways, and the narrowest kind of paths among the fields and forests have had to serve for lines of travel. Even the old imperial road, the *Tokaido*, which stretched its length from the Shogun's capital to Kyoto, six hundred miles away, where the Mikado dwelt in sacred seclusion, was only about eight or ten feet wide, and less than that in many places. Along these footways nothing on wheels could ever pass, of course, and everything had to be transported either on the shoulders of men or by pack-horses. These pack-horses of Japan are

the queerest little beasts in the world, being narrow in the hind quarters, like a scrawny, common old cow, and very wide at the shoulders, like nothing I ever saw but themselves. Their mane is not much to speak of, but their head seems to have altogether run to foretop, which straggles over their faces in such a way as to give them a really comical, Skye-terrier expression. They are very small and they look far from strong. A big wooden pack-saddle isn't the lightest thing in the world, and I've always thought that in itself it was quite load enough for one of these little brutes; but during harvest-time one has plenty of opportunity to observe what the Japanese idea of a load is, for the farmers have a way of putting a whole haystack on one of these little horses in a way which proves them masters of the art of balancing. I never saw anything like it. And this is what one may see at sunset in summer-time on any country road. The load is built perfectly square anywhere from four to six feet above the horse's back, and it is put on the pack-saddle with devilish cleverness and in such a way as to completely hide the little animal, all but four feet and tiny ankles, which seem to tremble and hesitate with every uncertain step. But get around in front of this queer, animated haystack, and your heart will melt at the sight of a pathetic little Skye-terrier face and two big, rolling, watery brown eyes which seem to be praying the prayer to Buddha for deliverance from earth life.

This subject of Japanese cruelty is worth a volume and I may hardly touch upon it. I wish I had time to detail all the barbarous stories with which the annals of the country are filled, for it would be most interesting; but I haven't. It is safe to say, I suppose,

Continued on page 61.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.



OLD BLACK OX AND HIS HEAVY PRIMITIVE CART, WHICH IS OFTEN OVERLOADED, WHILE THE POOR BEAST IS BRUTALLY BEATEN.



LITTLE JAPANESE HORSE, WHICH IS FREQUENTLY COMPELLED, UNDER BLOWS FROM THE WHIP, TO HAUL EXCESSIVE LOADS.



CURIOUS MODE OF TRAVEL IN INTERIOR JAPAN—PASSENGERS IN BASKETS SLUNG ON POLES BORNE BY MEN WHO TROT STEADILY ALL DAY OVER MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS.



POOR FARMER AND HIS WIFE LABORIOUSLY TRANSPORTING THEIR CROP TO MARKET ON A HAND-WAGON.



BAMBOO SHOP ON WHEELS, WHICH IS HAULED AROUND THE STREETS BY A HARD-WORKED HUMAN HORSE.

MERCILESS LOT OF THE CARRIERS OF BURDENS IN JAPAN.

FOUR-FOOTED BEASTS LOADED BEYOND THEIR STRENGTH AND CRUELY ABUSED, AND HUMAN CREATURES URGED TO THE LIMIT OF ENDURANCE.—*Photographs by Eleanor Franklin. See opposite page.*



THE HOME AND THE HOUSEHOLD



WHEN THE two old people at Fern Hill died, Mrs. Hall and her daughter Helen had to go and "break up" the home. "Uncle Samuel" and his wife had lived at Fern Hill during the whole of their long married life of over sixty years. Their children had all died, excepting one daughter, who had married a rich Italian count (a contrast to the usual sort!). Mrs. Hall had been a favorite niece. It devolved upon her to go through all of the rooms and closets and trunks in the great old house and dispose of their contents. For a solid week Mrs. Hall and Helen, who was a girl of twenty, toiled through those endless accumulations. Two maids and a faithful serving-man were constantly at their call, and yet both of these ladies, though they considered themselves vigorous, were exhausted before the work was accomplished.

Have Women too Much Sentiment?

Of course there were heaps of old clothes of all sorts. "Aunt Roxanna" had dressed well, and she had hated to rip up or give away her "last season's" wraps and gowns. There were rolls and rolls of "pieces." There were dozens of old fans, most of them broken; old parasols, mats, and tidies, and all sorts of nondescript fancy-work which had come in as holiday gifts. But the thing which most impressed Helen was the quantity of old letters. There were all the love-letters which the old couple had ever written to each other; all of the notes and letters which they had ever received from their four children, every one of whom had lived to maturity; and very many others, most of them, as was plainly to be seen, of the most transient and superficial interest. The mother and daughter felt that these should be at once destroyed, and by their own hands. It was horrible to think of them as falling under the eyes of unsympathetic strangers. Helen fed them out by the hour to the open fire in the dining-room, and yet they came.

It was harder still to burn up the little boxes and packages marked with such legends as these: "First curl cut from Carrie's head when she was two" (poor "Carrie" had been many years in her grave); "Bouquet the children gave me on my birthday, 1864" (now a mass of ashy powder in its discolored box); "Stone from the mountain we climbed in Switzerland, July 7th, 1857"—and so on. As the countess, long weaned from her family and native land, had sent instructions (in the peculiar English which those use who reside for many years in foreign parts) to "all destroy which not needed was likely," as she well knew "mamma was never for the right throwing away," all of this rubbish—everything which had no intrinsic value—was burned. Some of the clothing was barreled up and sent to the poor heathen. The best was distributed among friends and relatives. The grand old furniture was at last parceled out among these also. What nobody wanted went to the auction-room. The very finest of the china and silver and linen went to the countess, who had a large family of small children, and, in spite of all her wealth and greatness, could not manage to cross the ocean at just this time.

"I am not so very old, mother," laughed Helen, as they sped homeward at last, "but I have learned thoroughly one lesson at Fern Hill. I am never going to keep anything longer than one year at most—I mean letters or perishable mementoes, merely for sentiment. And I am going to rip up or give away or throw away every wrap and gown and ribbon and fichu and bonnet that I ever have, just as soon as I am done with it."

"Don't be too sweeping," counseled her mother. "It isn't necessary to go to the other extreme, just because Aunt Roxanna was too saving and too sentimental."

"But I have had another example of the same sort of thing, which first started me to thinking on this subject. When I visited Anne Spicer in C— she had a whole bureau-drawer full of keepsakes of various sorts. Just then it happened to be full, and she positively had to clear it out, though she said she hadn't had time to attend to it for two or three years, and of course she wouldn't let anybody else touch it. She had mixed up all sorts of things in it. She hadn't the finest feelings, and after that visit I never wanted to see her again."

"I was glad when I found that you didn't care for her any more," commented her mother, who had long wished for a chance to express herself regarding Anne Spicer.

"Yes; she visited me and I visited her, and we grew to know each other as well as we cared to. But I wish you could have seen that bureau-drawer, and I wish you could have heard Anne sentimentalize over the faded flowers and ribbons and soiled dance-cards and favors! And right in among all this worthless stuff was a cluster of dried-up rosebuds without any mark on them, and Anne stared at them for a minute, and then she said: 'Oh, yes—yes—I remember. Those were from the bunch in my little sister's hand when she lay in her coffin.' She must have seen that I was shocked—for I know I turned white—and then she said: 'I'm sure I don't know how they came here'; but I saw, then, the folly of trying to keep too many things in this busy life, and now I have seen it a great deal more."

"And yet that young professor of history was bewailing that more people had not kept their letters in the olden times," her mother reminded her. "He said that some of the most valuable testimony to the facts of history had come from old personal, private letters. His wife says that he keeps every scrap of correspondence that comes to him. He has already several trunks and boxes full, and she is in despair. The worst of it is that he uses no discrimination, but stuffs in an invitation to an unimportant luncheon beside a valuable letter from some public man. When she remonstrates, he says: 'My dear, that invitation to luncheon, which now seems so worthless, may some day be produced to prove that a certain man was in a certain place on a certain day, or that a particular style of wording invitations was in vogue at just this time.' 'But,' she reasons, 'nobody will ever have time to go through that pile of letters and sort them out.' He insists that 'the historian and antiquarian will,' so she will have to suffer on, though I agree with her and with you that nearly everything of the sort should be destroyed."

"Yes," concluded Helen; "I am going to leave the historian and the antiquarian entirely out of my calculations. I am going to burn up all letters, except business ones, and a very occasional one besides, and I am never going to keep any sort of a flimsy memento longer than one calendar year. In an age when people have to move as often as they do now—and most of us, except the trust magnates, have to live in flats—I shall keep nothing that I do not have to. The sentiment which feeds on such things is apt to degenerate into mawkishness, any way."

Helen, like most young people, was too radical. There is a delicate flower of sentiment the root of which lies in such mementoes. But a fine discrimination should be used regarding them, and of the two extremes, hers is no doubt the wiser.

KATE UPSON CLARK.



MRS. HOBART CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, A SOCIETY LEADER IN CHICAGO, WORKING AT THE SEWING-TABLE IN HER BOOK-BINDERY. Wright.

OF LATE YEARS many fashionable women are taking up various trades, which they pursue with untiring interest and with more or less success.

The Fascination of Binding Books

One of the foremost of these is the art of bookbinding, which sends the artistic woman into ecstasy over the opportunities for fanciful and beautiful work, and the woman with a taste for mechanics also finds her hands and ingenuity fully occupied. "Butterfly bookbinders," these dilettantes are termed by their professional colleagues; but judging from the display of work in the studios of the amateur enthusiasts, the name is not so applicable. Women like Mrs. Kernechan, Mrs. Ripley, Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor are as well known for their skill and taste in this work as they are as leaders of fashionable life. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor owns and operates a bookbindery in Chicago. To bind a book well not only takes knowledge and practice, but it also requires hard work with the sewing, backing, pressing, and last, but not least, the decorating. In the interesting workshop of Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, at an afternoon reception given by her, the hostess explained to her surprised and admiring friends a little of the process by which the beautiful bindings on display were put together.

First of all, the book to be bound is taken to pieces and washed, the illustrations protected, and the holes made by the previous binding patched with thin, tough paper. The leaves are then re-folded, divided into sections, and pressed into a solid block in a huge press. The sewing comes next, each section being drawn together with silk or linen, and finally sewn in turn to the heavy cords drawn tightly upon the sewing frame. These cords, later, form the raised bands on the back of the book. Gluing is the least agreeable of all the work, for glue must be boiled each time it is used, and the odor of this necessary evil is not calculated to fill the soul with joy. The glue still soft, the

back of the book is hammered into a curve with a big hammer. To back the book, the bands are nipped up until they stand firmly. The leaves are then cut with the plow, the boards are laced on, and the whole volume is pressed again. The leather and the head-band on, and the book is ready for the finishing. When the binder sketches her design and presses and burns it in, puts on her gold leaf, and finally turns out a finished product which challenges criticism, she has accomplished something worthy of her pride. There are several schools in New York City where women, well known in the social world, go two or three times a week for lessons in book-binding. And there are also several women bookbinders who are professionals, and their dainty and artistic handiwork is often seen in the libraries of New York's book-lovers.

WHY A DOMESTIC animal which belongs to the catalogue of home and comfort, and whose purr of intense satisfaction as it lies stretched in lazy luxury

Why Do People Fear Cats?

beside the hearth, blending most pleasantly with the crackling wood fire, should send cold shivers down any one's back is a mystery which, although much discussed, is still unsolved by the eminent medical men who have recently taken up the question. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who has made a study of "Ailuraphobia and the power to be conscious of the cat as near when unseen and unheard," has given sufficient importance to the problem to make it the subject of a discussion that has interested both medical circles and the general public. As history records, and as instances within our personal knowledge verify, there are some persons who cannot bear to touch a cat, while others experience a shiver when even, though unseen, a cat is in the room. Whether this fear is from some subtle magnetic influence, or simply a fear inherited from remote ancestors who thought cats were witches, has not been determined. Meantime our generally beloved household pet is gaining much publicity. Happily there is a great majority who are known to entertain an extravagant affection for cats—cats of all varieties, plebeian gray and black mottled, ugly, yellowish cats, and silky-haired, aristocratic Persians or Maltese. In my circle of acquaintances there is only one who has an overpowering horror of the soft, purring creatures who like to curl up and go to sleep in one's lap. Four or five have an indifferent regard for them, simply as good animals for catching mice, and all the others love them so much that they provide them with tidbits, appropriate soft cushions to their comfort, and even give them place on whitest counterpanes.

A human being who has power to command intense love, or unqualified terror or dislike, we credit with great personality, magnetism, and many things flattering, for a mediocre person will at best excite only indifference. This proves that without a doubt our modest, unassuming little Persian, with its silky hair and green eyes, or our plebeian Tom, is far and away above the ordinary, and different from any other animal; for neither history nor medical records show instances of marked antipathy to dogs, horses, or any of the other well-known domestic pets. The early Egyptians worshiped this animal to such an extent that Pasht figures in Egyptian history as the deity of cats. When a feline pet of an Egyptian home died, the family donned mourning, and the body was embalmed and placed in the temple sacred to Pasht.

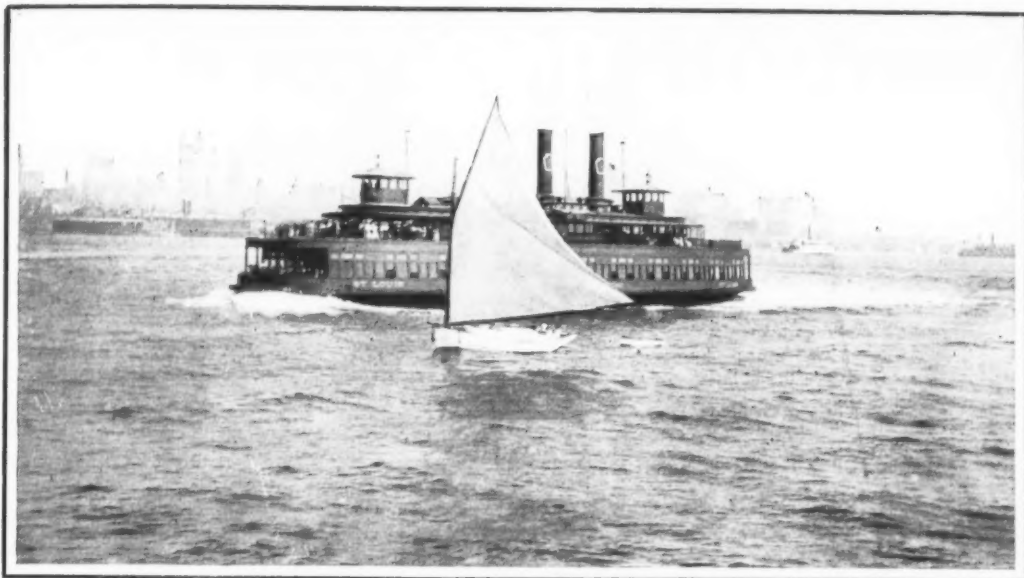
Napoleon, a man of iron will and strong character, had an intense horror of cats. A prominent Pennsylvania army man—a colonel—credited with the courage of a lion, has been known to faint when a cat suddenly enters his room. However, the extravagant love lavished upon this same animal is equally divided between men and women. Lord Chesterfield entertained such an affection and high regard for his feline friends, of which he owned many, that in his will he provided a pension to certain favorites and to their posterity. Paul de Kock, the French novelist, owned no less than thirty cats, and most of his books contain sketches and affectionate tributes to them. Tasso's famous sonnet to a cat and de Musset's verse inspired by a pet cat bear out the theory that our household favorites are not common, every-day sort of animals. From time immemorial witches have been supposed to turn into cats, and vice versa, and in Germany this superstition still exists to a certain extent.

HARRIET QUIMBY.

At the First Sign

OF BABY'S TORTURING, DISFIGURING HUMOR USE CUTICURA SOAP AND CUTICURA OINTMENT.

EVERY child born into the world with an inherited tendency to torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin and scalp becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering, but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest and most effective treatment available, viz.: warm baths with Cuticura Soap, and gentle anointments with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure. Cures made in childhood are speedy and permanent.



CLOSE RACE BETWEEN STEAM AND SAIL ON THE NORTH RIVER, AT NEW YORK.
Fred J. Stein, New York.



(PRIZE-WINNER). VACATION PASTIME—FAIR BICYCLIST COASTING DOWN HILL IN THE COUNTRY.—*William A. Mohaupt, Wisconsin.*



GREAT WHALEBACK EXCURSION BOAT, "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," ARRIVING AT MILWAUKEE—CITY HALL AND PABST BUILDING BEYOND THE DRAWBRIDGE.—*Sumner W. Matteson, Iowa.*



REMARKABLE STORM PICTURE—FIERCE RUSH OF THE SEA AT SEABRIGHT, N. J., WHERE MANY BUILDINGS WERE SWEEPED AWAY.—*Charles L. Dray, New York.*



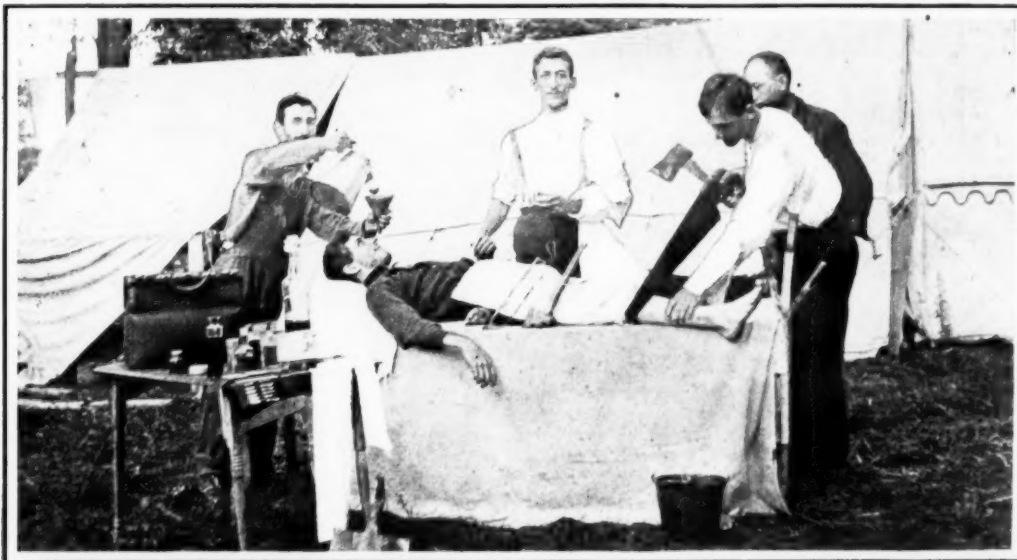
SHOOTING THE CHUTES INTO THE WATER AT "THE CHUTES," SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
John Dicks Howe, California.



DIVING CONTEST AT BATH BEACH, N. Y.—ONE OF THE DIVERS JUST LEAVING THE SPRINGBOARD.—*Fred J. Stein, New York.*



LUCKY FISHERMAN IN THE WEST CLEANING HIS BIG DAY'S CATCH.
L. Winternitz, Illinois.



MERRY CAMPING PARTY'S PLAN OF "CURING MOSQUITO BITES." THIS MAKES THE PATIENT FORGET THE STINGS.
Benton S. Oppenheimer, Ohio.

SUMMER-SCENES PHOTO CONTEST—WISCONSIN WINS.

HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST SNAP-SHOTTED BY OBSERVING ARTISTS DURING THE VACATION SEASON.



The Man In The Auto



THERY, the winner of this year's Bennett race in France, and of the Bennett race of last year, is said to have won \$25,000 by his victory in the French

eliminating race, June 16th. He has been a driver in road races for seven years. He was second in the automobile race around France in 1899. The Bordeaux-Perrigex road race, one of the most important races run in 1900, was won by Thery, who also won fifth place in the light-vehicle class in the Paris-Bordeaux race in 1901. He took part in the Paris-Vienna race in 1902, being one of the favorites. The same year he started in the Circuit des Ardennes, run in Belgium, and met with an accident while one of the leaders. In 1903 Thery started in the Paris-Madrid race, ending at Bordeaux. He visited this country last fall, too late to start in the Vanderbilt cup race. He brought with him his famous Richard-Brasier racing-car, but was defeated by Barney Oldfield in a track race at the Empire City track. It was, however, his first attempt at track racing, and although defeated he showed great skill at the new game. The fact will appeal to the superstitious that the trademark and emblem of the Richard-Brasier is a four-leaved clover.



M. THERY, THE CHAMPION FRENCH AUTOMOBILIST, WHO, DRIVING A RICHARD-BRASIER CAR, WON THE RECENT RACE FOR THE JAMES GORDON BENNETT CUP OVER THE AUVERGNE COURSE, FRANCE, 342 MILES, IN 7 HOURS AND 10 MINUTES, AGAINST SEVENTEEN COMPETITORS—THERY ALSO WON THE RACE FOR THIS CUP IN GERMANY LAST YEAR.—Spencer.

sulky, driven by Mr. Walter Bishop, of the Coliseum. At 18.4 miles per hour, Napier stopped in 24 ft. 3 in.; trotting sulky stopped in 35 ft.

Second Trip—At 20 miles per hour, Napier stopped in 26 ft. 6 in.; trotting sulky stopped in 43 ft. 6 in.

In comparing the results of Trial 7, the fact should be noted that the racing Napier weighed over 1 ton 6 cwt. 3 qrs. plus two passengers, while the trotting sulky weighed about 2 qrs. 4 lbs. plus the driver.

Mr. Edge concluded, at a luncheon following the trials, some remarks by quoting the official figures giving the relative number of accidents caused by horses and motors during 1904 in the London metropolitan district (twelve miles around Charing Cross), which were as follows: Accidents caused by horses, 23,700, 123 of which were fatal; while during the same period thirteen accidents only caused by motor-cars proved fatal, with 10,000 motor-cars registered in the metropolitan district, to say nothing of the large number of cars driven into and through London in that time. Another point, in making such a comparison as the above, is the much greater annual mileage of a motor-car over that of a horse-drawn vehicle, probably five times as much, which would make 10,000 automobiles equal 50,000 horse-hauled carriages.

ALEX SCHWALBACH.

LAST BUT not least, being scarcely second in importance to the Bennett race, comes the race over the Long Island course next fall, for the Vanderbilt cup. If trade follows the flag in ordinary commerce, in motoring it follows the cup; hence the keen desire of the great foreign riders of motor-cars to win the Vanderbilt cup in the promised land of great business. Thirteen entries have been received for the American team, and in order to select the five best fitted for the work, eliminating trials will be held some time in August, probably over the circuit which will later be used for the cup race itself. Four full teams—from France, Germany, Italy, and the United States—for the final cup race are assured. Candidates for the American team include: Tracy, 120 horse-power Locomobile; Lyttle, 90 horse-power Pope-Toledo; Dingley, 60 horse-power Pope-Toledo; Winchester, 60 horse-power Franklin; Jardine, 38 horse-power Royal Tourist; Christie, 60 horse-power Christie; Weidely, 60 horse-power Premier; Nutt, 50 horse-power Haynes; Jay, 40 horse-power White; Titus, 60 horse-power Thomas; Cooper, 40 horse-power Matherson. Four of the five entrants from the land of the Kaiser are Americans. Clarence Gray Dinsmore and John B. Warden live most of the time in Paris, while Robert Graves and Foxhall P. Keene are well known in the sporting circles of this country. The fifth member of the team is Baron de Caters, a Belgian.

AS AN individual unit in traffic transportation the electric and steam railroads already recognize the automobile as an auxiliary, but the *Railway Age* in an editorial, read before the Master Car Builders' Association Convention at Manhattan Beach, regards it as a rival worthy of attention. It says that there are certain present objections to the use of the automobile—the difficulty of heating it in winter; the interference which might be caused in winter by snow, and the comparatively low speed which it would be possible to maintain on the highway; but, as against this, the greater convenience in reaching dwellings, the lower fare which could be charged, and, during good weather, the fact that many people would surrender a higher speed for the aesthetic pleasure of a more varied journey, give automobiles an advantage in these respects which can never be shared by a steam railway or an electric line traveling upon a permanent way with conventional stops.

AT HARTFORD the other day a newspaper man asked Eddie Bald what he thought as to the respective demands made upon a driver's nerve in time trials on circular tracks and in competition. Bald said:

"Time trials are, of course, safer than races, but they lack that psychological quality which takes a man out of himself and renders him entirely oblivious to everything except the main object he has in view. I really think it requires more actual effort to attend strictly to business in rounding the corners at a mile-a-minute gait when you are alone on the track and out for time only, than it does when you are out in a scrimmage trying to do up the other fellows, with the air full of dust and a general whirl all around you. Under the latter condition some power outside of your own mentality seems to direct the wheel. Yes; I think that anything like judicious management makes it profitable for a manufacturer to put out a big racer. It certainly costs a lot of money; but if the machine does good work it must be an excellent advertisement for its maker. And it certainly pays to win races with fully-equipped stock cars, such as are sold regularly to purchasers. I have found this out during my connection with the Columbia people. The buyer-to-be cannot but have his confidence inspired by good track performance of the kind of car he is considering as a possible purchase. He sees the real thing in operation, and it appeals to him immediately and forcibly."

MOTOR-CARS have been so rapidly brought to the present state of usefulness and popularity because the men who make them believe in them, and

while not wholly altruistic in their efforts for publicity, they are at least sanguinely enthusiastic. Abroad, Mr. S. F. Edge, notwithstanding his pugnacity, is always *facile princeps* in promoting public interest in the motor car. At the Crystal Palace, London, he recently promoted some comparative stopping tests between horse and motor vehicles. The results follow:

Trial 1—Sixteen horse-power Royal motor mail van on the Brighton Road Parcels and Service, v. a two-horse van. Loads 1 1-2 tons each. At 7.6 miles per hour the motor mail van stopped in 8 ft.; the horsed van in 28 ft.

Second Trip—At 7.8 miles per hour, motor mail van stopped in 9 ft.; two-horse van, 24 ft. 2 in.

Trial 2—Six-cylinder Napier (Macdonald's car), v. single-horse brougham. At 10 miles per hour, Napier car stopped in 26 ft. 6 in.; single-horse brougham, 53 ft. Note—Macdonald mistook the signal and did not get his brakes down until his rear wheels were over the mark.

Second Trip—At 13.3 miles per hour, Napier racer stopped in 10 ft. 6 in.; single-horse brougham in 47 ft. 6 in.

Trial 3—Eighteen horse-power Mercedes v. one-horse landau. At 15.6 miles per hour, 18 horse-power Mercedes stopped in 28 ft. 9 in.; one-horse landau stopped in 42 ft. 10 in.

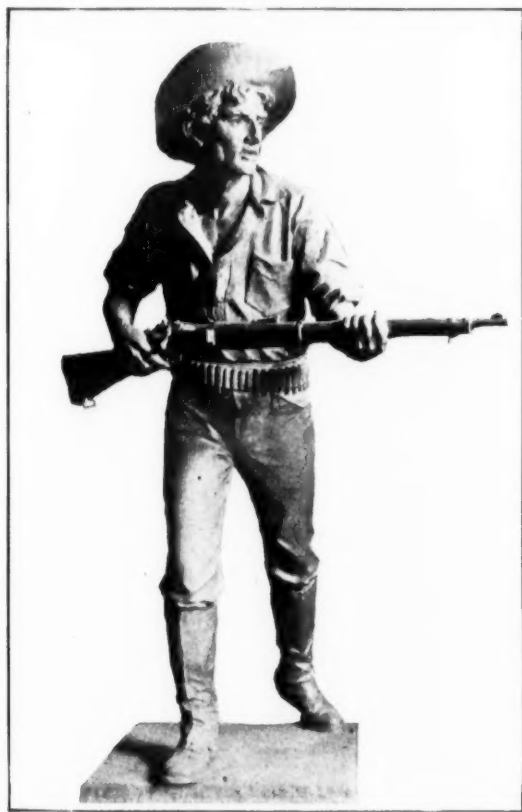
Trial 4—Fifteen horse-power four-cylinder De Dion (Stocks driving), v. hansom cab. At 8.7 miles per hour, 15 horse-power De Dion stopped in 1 ft. 6 in.; hansom cab stopped in 24 ft. 6 in.

Second Trip—At 11.2 miles per hour, De Dion stopped in 7 ft. 9 in.; hansom cab stopped in 33 ft. 6 in.

Trial 5—Fifteen horse-power De Dion (Stocks) v. butcher's cart. At 12 miles per hour, 15 horse-power De Dion stopped in 9 ft. 3 in.; butcher's cart, 50 ft. 5 in.

Trial 6—Fifteen horse-power Napier (C. Edge) v. butcher's cart. At 13.84 miles per hour, 15 horse-power Napier stopped in 14 ft. 3 in.; butcher's cart stopped in 38 ft. 5 in.

Trial 7—Seventy horse-power racing Napier (Cecil Edge) trotting



OREGON HONORS HER SOLDIER-DEAD. STRIKING MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY DOUGLAS TILDEN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND ERECTED AT PORTLAND, ORE., IN MEMORY OF OREGONIANS KILLED IN THE PHILIPPINE WAR.—Towers Company.

Inhumanities of the Japanese.

Continued from page 60.

that many of the most atrocious forms of cruelty are rapidly disappearing, if they are not already entirely suppressed, but there is still much left to be desired. An idea that each person has an individual mission of mercy to perform seems to be gaining ground, I am told, with the result that the more inhuman are not always left to perpetrate their savageries unmolested. This, I hope, is beginning to be true; but, personally, I have yet to see one Japanese interfering with another in an act of cruelty.

A Lincoln Centenary Memorial in 1909.

A RESOLUTION whose author is State Senator Edward C. Curtis has passed the Illinois Legislature memorializing Congress to erect in Washington a "monument to Abraham Lincoln that shall rank among the great monuments of the world, standing as long as this government shall endure, as a memorial in honor of the man who gave his life that government of the people, by the people, and for the people might not perish from the earth." The intention is to have the monument completed by 1909, the centenary of Lincoln's birth. Last winter Hon. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, introduced in the House of Representatives at Washington a bill providing for a memorial to Lincoln to be completed in 1909, but the measure was not acted on. Mr. Bartholdt intends to introduce the bill again on the first day of Congress, next December, and this time favorable action is expected. The object is to erect some sort of an appropriate memorial to Lincoln for his centennial year, Congress to determine, after careful deliberation, just what form it ought to take and where it ought to be erected. Washington, where Lincoln's great work was done and where he lost his life, will probably be the site of the memorial. Probably, also, a monument will be selected as the form best fitted to the purpose.

Messrs. Bartholdt and Curtis, who, though working independently of each other, are pursuing the same object, deserve the plaudits of their countrymen for calling attention to the necessity of providing a suitable form of recognition for the centenary of the birth of the great emancipator. In 1908, under the auspices of the Illinois Historical Society, a celebration will be had in Illinois of the fiftieth anniversary of the debates between Douglas and Lincoln which made Lincoln's name known to the country. That will be a local celebration, and be confined to the towns in which the meetings between these two statesmen took place. The erection of the memorial for 1909, however, will be a national affair. The entire country will be interested in it. Memorial and exercises should be worthy of the fame of the man who was one of the nineteenth century's great world figures.

For Nervous Women.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

It quiets and strengthens the nerves, relieves nausea and sick headache, and induces refreshing sleep. Improves the general health. Its benefits are lasting.

The Youngest Baby

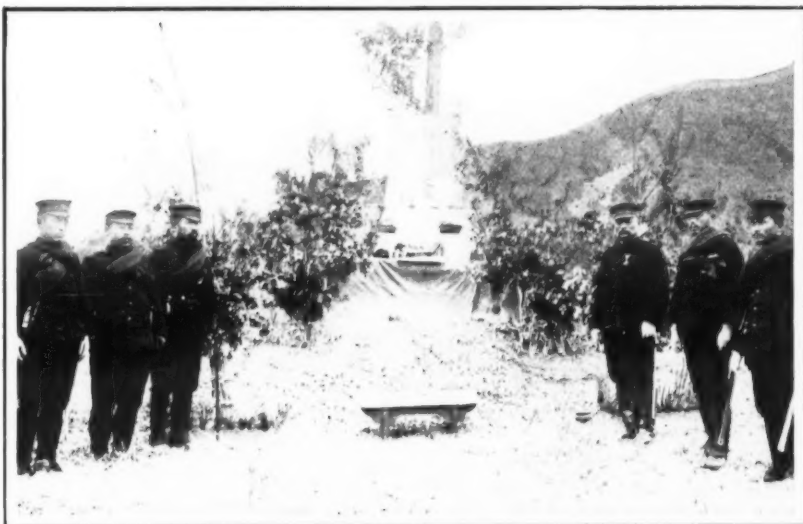
can readily digest and assimilate Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk because the casein, which is in ordinary cow's milk, undergoes physical alteration in the process of condensation, which makes it digestible. It brings the result which every parent is looking for, viz., strong and healthy children.



CONVALESCENT JAPANESE SOLDIERS LEAVING A FIELD HOSPITAL FOR HOME.



RED CROSS SANITARY CORPS, IN MANCHURIA, CREMATING THE JAPANESE DEAD.



FUNERAL OF A GALLANT JAPANESE OFFICER KILLED IN BATTLE IN MANCHURIA.



VAST QUANTITY OF RUSSIAN RIFLES CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN BY THE JAPANESE.



MANY RUSSIAN CANNONS WHICH FELL INTO JAPANESE HANDS AT THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN.



IMMENSE NUMBER OF RUSSIAN AMMUNITION CARTS—PART OF THE JAPANESE SPOIL IN THE MUKDEN BATTLE.



GREAT HEAP OF SHOVELS AND PICKS PICKED UP AT MUKDEN BY THE MIKADO'S MEN.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS AND CHINESE COOLIES MAKING CHARCOAL IN THE FIELD IN MANCHURIA.

CURIOUS AND NOVEL FEATURES OF THE EASTERN ASIA WAR.

ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF SPOIL SECURED BY THE JAPANESE AT MUKDEN, AND SCENES OF INTEREST IN THE FIELD IN MANCHURIA.—*Photographs from T. Ruddiman Johnston.*

THE RESCUE OF A FRESHMAN

Continued from page 54.

feel ill, and passed completely away in the arms of the Bacchian Morpheus.

At 8:30 o'clock on Saturday morning Mrs. McFadden inserted the key in the lock of No. 109. She paused a moment to reprove Tom for his laziness in carrying coal, then opened the door and advanced into the study. Such a sight as greeted her astonished eyes! A great centre-table laden with the remains of a splendid repast—bones of turkey, half-eaten cakes, melted ices, empty bottles, steins, mugs—some of them half-full of stale, ill-smelling beer—the couch in confusion, a book-case overturned, ornaments broken, a window shattered, and on the floor in the midst of the debris Carroll in a profound slumber, his head resting on a beer bottle, another bottle in his hand. Mrs. McFadden had no breath then for exclamations. She gave one frightful look at the wreck of matter, and, sinking into a Morris chair that was drawn before the extinguished fire, burst into tears. She wept for some time, softly, copiously, luxuriously, pausing now and then to look about her in sad despair. During one of these intermissions she observed that Carroll's eyes were opened, and that he was regarding her with a dazed, stupid expression, as though he longed to ask who she was and why she was there.

"Oh, me pore darlint!" she cried, "what hev ye done, what hev ye gone an' done?"

At the sound of her voice recollection, and with it a somewhat bitter realization of his unfortunate position, returned to the boy's brain.

"I am afraid," he said, slowly, after a long pause, during which his academic Niobe had renewed her sobs, "I am afraid—that—that I was slightly overcome last night."

"Oh, me pore darlint, me pore angel!" groaned Mrs. McFadden.

"I say there, old lady," said Carroll, sweetly, "dry your eyes and lend me a hand till I get out of this mess. I'm not very certain of myself just yet."

"Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" bewailed Mrs. McFadden. "Niver did Oi dream that Oi'd be led into this." But she gave him her hand, and after an effort or so Carroll got to his feet, and sank immediately into the chair just vacated by his assistant. He sighed deeply once or twice, then turned to the weeping McFadden again.

"Now come, my good woman, scratch the tears, will you? I expect my father and mother here on that ten-o'clock train, and if you want me to stay in college after to-day try to get this room to rights; and you haven't more than an hour to do it in."

"Your faither an' mither, 'tis it? Oh, me, oh, my! thet they should see sich a sight; their purty black-eyed darlint among all these debres and these lamentations. Your mither 'll be hopin' thet ye'd niver been borned."

"That's just the point," said Carroll, fretfully. "I—I don't want them to see these—these 'debras,' as you so elegantly put it. Come now, that's a good soul, clean it up, throw it out. Oh, for Heaven's sake, do something, you blubbering idiot, or it's all up with me!"

Mrs. McFadden dried her eyes. "Blubberin' ijit, 'tis it? Faith now, me purty little lord, an' this is like to prove a lucky mishap fur ye, if ye'll be so good as to hold your onfeelin' tongue. Oi'll hev this set to rights in a jiffy; but Oi advises ye, ye scalawag, to take a bath and brush your hair and git the devil's water out o' your oyes. Ye're a purty spectical now, ain't ye, fur your swate mither to see, an' your noble faither to enjoy! Go 'long wid ye!"

Casting one more withering glance at the pathetic figure of Carroll, she hustled about her work. The food, the bottles, the broken china, the cigarette butts, and all the sundry remains of the gallant feast were gathered together with powerful sweepings of that broad arm and pitched unceremoniously into a refuse barrel in the entry. Carroll watched her with an absent-minded air for a few moments, then gathered himself together and arose.

"You are a good soul," said he; "now I will go down and take a dip. Stave my father off somehow, if you can, when he arrives, and—well, you won't lose by it."

"Lose by it? An' thet's the cry, 'tis it? Well, now, Mister Carroll, Oi begs lave to say 'tisn't meself that Oi'm worritin' about!"

"I know," said Carroll, flushing; "that is, I beg your pardon. But help me out of this scrape, and I—I won't get into another very soon."

"Faith, an' do ye promise thet?"

"Oh, darn it, yes—of course I promise."

With that he banged the door and sped away toward the refreshing waters of the Brokaw Memorial. "Meself, huh?" exclaimed Mrs. McFadden, as she heard the retreating footsteps, "a blubberin' ijit!—'tis the same ijit thet'll save his wuthless neck. An' to think o' the loikes o' him a-drinkin' all o' this vile, dirty, low, an' bastely stuff. There, now!" as she

dashed a beer bottle through the broken window on to the pavement below, "Oi'll hev the consolations o' breakin' one o' the bastely things."

But as she talked, she worked, dusted, swept, scrubbed with a will, gradually bringing the accustomed academic order out of the chaos wrought by the debauch. She was pasting a sheet of Manila paper over the broken window-pane as she heard the ten-o'clock train pull in at the station under the very bedroom windows. A last arranging of the pillows on



"CARROLL MADE AN EXCELLENT HOST."

the couch, a last dusting of the mantel and straightening of the chairs, when came the expected rap upon the door. She opened it and ushered in with elaborate courtesies a stately, middle-aged gentleman and his beautiful wife.

"These are my son's rooms, I think," said the gentleman, "Mr. Carroll's, are they not?"

"Sure, sir," replied Mrs. McFadden, with another courtesy.

"Oh, yes, dear," said the lady, "you know I helped him fit them up; but they are quite changed—and, oh! what a peculiar odor!"

"Faith, mum, an' it's no wonder 'tis peculiar, wid all the drinkin' an' a-goin'-on here last night."

"Drinking!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll.

"Sure, sir; it's them bastely old grads, as they call 'em, thet come here an' turned the pore darlint out o' his room, and monopolized it wid their nasty liquors."

"Turned him out!" asked Mr. Carroll, incredulously.

"Sure, sir; an' were yez thinkin' thet thet lamb'd stay when sich was a-takin' place? Faith now, sez Oi, Oi knows your own son better'n does his faither. An' doesn't your ludship know how those selfsame grads comes back iver now an' ag'in, an' turns the pore dears out o' their rooms?"

"Yes, yes; I believe I have heard something of that unfortunate custom," responded Mr. Carroll, cutting short the flow of her eloquence. "But do you know where my son is now? We expected him to meet us at the train."

"Oh, marcy, yes! an' didn't the blissed faculty send fur the pore dear afore he were up this marnin', aboot those iverlastin' examin-what-you-call-ems what's allas goin' on. But, bless your swate oyes, me lady, —an' me lud, too, Oi'm sure—he'll be back this blissed minute, hev'in' jist gone fur his daily ablutions which he takes ivery Saturday marnin' at the vary laste. He were jist thet perticular aboot meetin' his ma and pa, thet he wouldn't hev gone, Oi knows, if thet hoodlum of a proctor hedn't 'a' come in his own parson, an', as I sez before, a-dragged him widout marcy from his bed. Why—"

But by this time Mrs. McFadden, whose powers of invention had never been quite so severely taxed before, was in a perspiration and gasping for breath. She was at a loss how to continue the conversation, dared not be silent, and feared to retreat. Suddenly, to her immense relief, the outer door in the corridor banged, a quick footstep was heard on the stairs, and Carroll himself rushed into the room and greeted his father and mother. He looked remarkably fresh, considering his condition an hour before.

Mrs. McFadden, whose temporary relief was now changed to fear lest her sins would find her out, stole softly into the entry, determined to beat a hasty retreat; but compassion for the fate of her protégé and curiosity as to the sequel of her prevarications led her to linger there during the subsequent conversation in the study. Mr. Carroll opened fire at once, by

saying that he had heard from the woman of the visit the old graduates had paid his son the night before, and that he had been prevented from meeting them at the train by a summons from the faculty on examination business.

"It seems that it was necessary," continued Mr. Carroll, "for the university proctor to escort you and your professors, and to preside over your bath on the way to them."

Young Carroll flushed uncomfortably, started to speak, stammered—and fell silent. Mrs. McFadden, although she had not caught the full import of the gentleman's remarks, felt that her knees would support her no longer, and that even if she wanted she could not run away.

"I hope, my son," remarked Mr. Carroll, gravely, "that the weakness of your Irish friend's old grads does not claim you as a victim."

"Father," said the boy, but he was looking at his mother, and slipped down upon the arm of her chair, "I am afraid if the truth were told that I have been somewhat of a fool."

"Oh, ye holy angels!" breathed Mrs. McFadden softly to herself, "would ye hear him now?"

"Well, my boy, an honest confession—you know. I think I can gather what has happened without any further explanation. I am sorry this thing has occurred, of course, but I didn't come to lecture you, and I am not going to do so. I trust you know just what a fool you have been, and that—well, that in the future you will give me no occasion for reopening this conversation."

Carroll again started to speak, but his mother squeezed his hand sharply at that moment, as his father began to laugh.

"I wouldn't have the courage to punish you," continued Mr. Carroll, as he caught sight of Mrs. McFadden in the entry, "in the presence of your voluble and eloquent defender. But tell me who is your portly Irish friend?"

"Oh, Saint Pater, Saint Paul, oh, Saint Patrick, Saint Michael, an' all ye blissed saints and martyrs, pray fur me now!" murmured Mrs. McFadden between her gasps.

Carroll laughed softly. "Oh, she is the lady that keeps my rooms in order; she is a good soul and takes splendid care of me."

"Hail, Mary! the Lord is wid thee," breathed Mrs. McFadden; "blissed art thou—"

"Yes," said his father, dryly, as he handed Carroll a five-dollar bill to give to her; "I should fancy that you would find her quite indispensable."

Women's Notable Business Achievement.

A MOST REFRESHING instance of economical and sound business management in the administration of an exposition fund is that furnished by the board of lady managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. These ladies received an appropriation of \$100,000 for their work, and of this amount, after paying all expenses, they have returned \$26,667.56 to the government. This is the first instance on record, we believe, where a committee organized for any purpose has turned back into the public treasury any part of an appropriation made by Congress—surely an example worthy of praise and commendation. It is to be noted, also, that this notable achievement was the work of women, who are so often charged with being lax and unsystematic in their methods of doing business! With such a striking illustration to the contrary, the humorists and satirists who have made much of this alleged weakness on the part of women should hereafter hold their peace.

Comes a Time

WHEN COFFEE SHOWS WHAT IT HAS BEEN DOING.

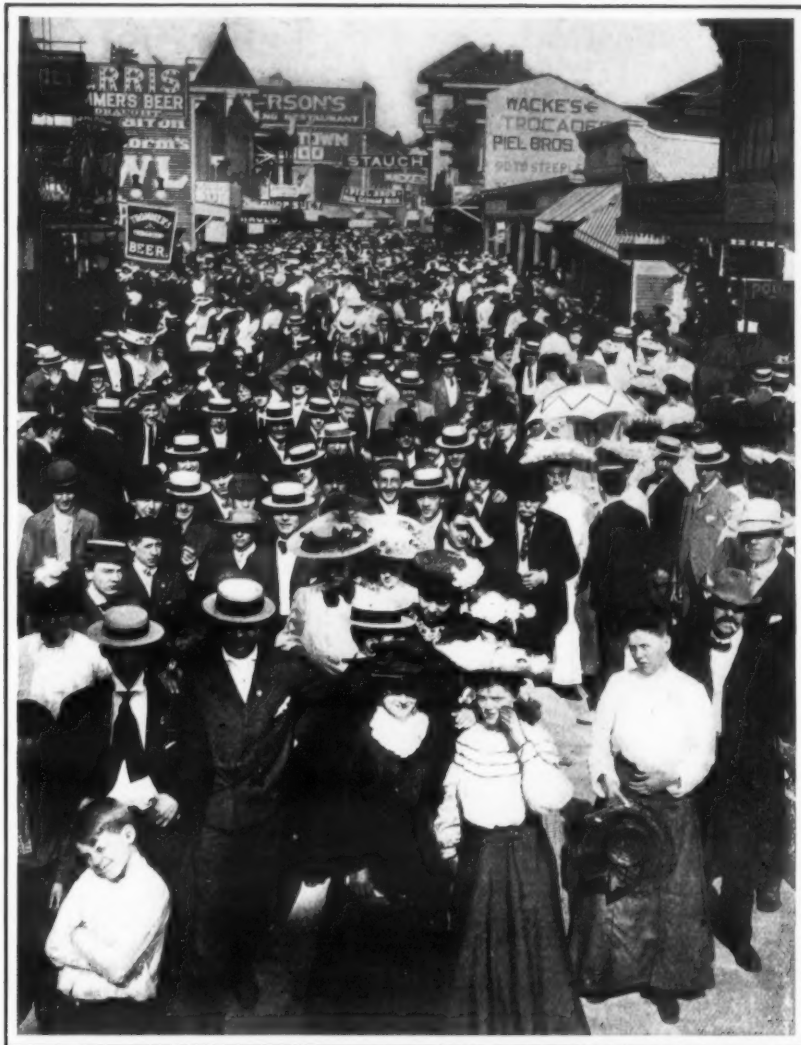
"OF LATE years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y.; "its lightest punishment was to make me 'logy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood."

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit and try Postum Food Coffee."

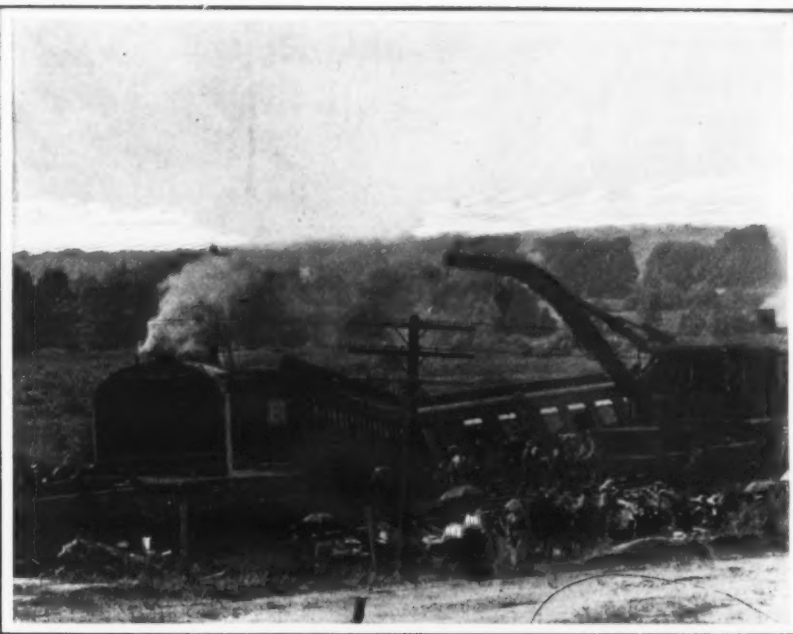
"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well."

"All my ailments, the 'loginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order, and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health, which I owe to the use of Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each package.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) FOURTH OF JULY AT CONEY ISLAND—A HOST OF VISITORS FROM THE HEATED CITY PROMENADING ON THE BOWERY.
Jessie Tarbox Beals, New York.



WORK TRAINS CLEARING UP THE WRECK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD FLYER WHICH WENT DOWN AN EMBANKMENT NEAR ATWATER, O., KILLING TWO PERSONS AND INJURING TWENTY.—*L. G. Valr, Ohio.*



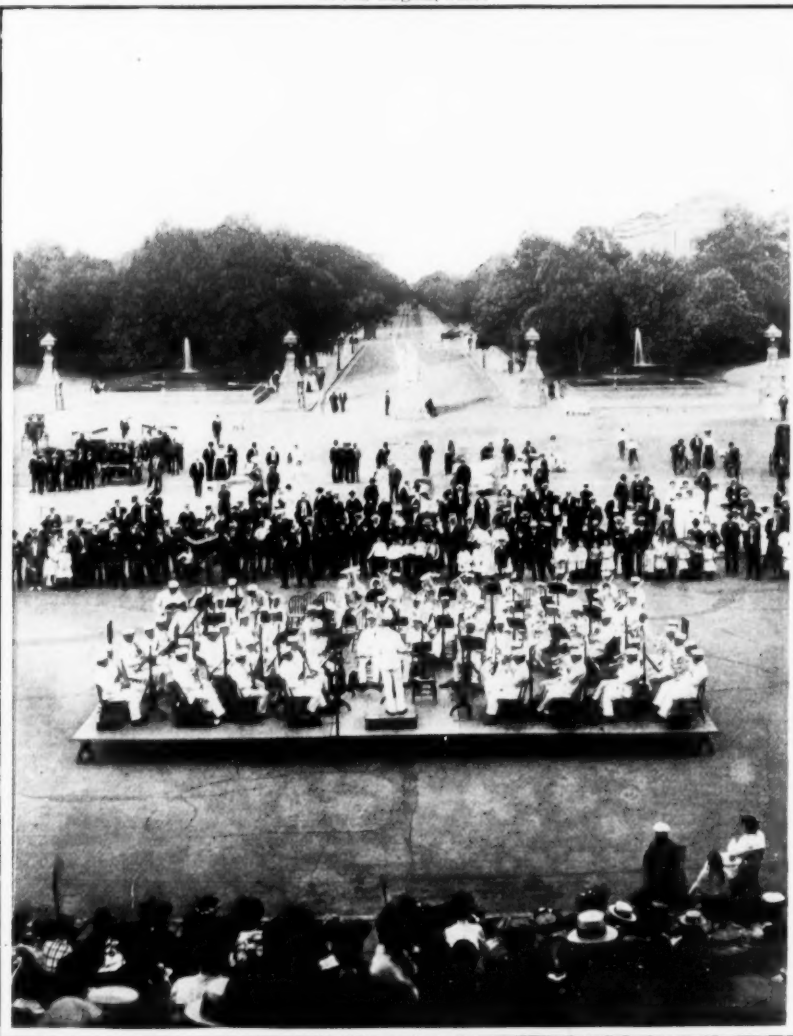
CROWD GATHERING ON THE CAM.PUS AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY TO HEAR THE SENIORS SING. THE SINGERS INCLUDE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY'S GLEE CLUB.
O. von Engeln, Ohio.



UNPLEASANT INCIDENT IN WESTERN TRAVEL—DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD TUNNEL (IN COLORADO) ON FIRE, AND TOURISTS COMPELLED TO CROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN ON FOOT.—*Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.*



LONG TRAIN STALLED BY THE FIRE IN THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD TUNNEL, COLORADO—THREE HUNDRED TOURISTS AWAKENED EARLY IN THE MORNING AND PREPARING TO WALK OVER THE MOUNTAIN WITH THEIR BAGGAGE.—*Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.*



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OPEN-AIR FUNCTIONS AT WASHINGTON—SCENE DURING A CONCERT BY THE MARINE BAND, VIEWED FROM THE STEPS OF THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.—*Frank J. Cullen, District of Columbia.*

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegram. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

IN HIS RECENT address at Harvard, President Roosevelt made an eloquent plea for loftier ideals, especially on the part of men of vast fortune. He urged that the latter should pay scrupulous heed "not only to the letter, but to the spirit of the law." He said: "It is far more important that they should conduct their business affairs decently than that they should spend the surplus of their fortunes in philanthropy. Much has been given to these men and we have a right to demand much of them in return." Following closely after a similar declaration by ex-President Cleveland, these words of President Roosevelt carry extra weight. There never was a time when the rush for filthy lucre on the part of all the people, great and small, was more wild and reckless than it is to-day. Great hotels, luxurious beyond belief, are rising up on every side in our great cities. They are full of people eager to pay the most extravagant prices not for comforts such as were good enough in the old-fashioned days, but for luxuries that in many cases ill befit those who pay for them. The new century discloses the American people as the most reckless, gambling nation on the globe. The great fortunes piled up by a few and the prodigality with which this newly created wealth has been selfishly distributed have created an appetite for the accumulation of riches which has affected even those who were contented until recently with the frugal joys and comforts of the simple life.

The New Yorker who rises early in the morning to snatch a hasty cup of coffee and a roll and rushes to the subway is urged by the trainman to "step lively." He keeps up the "step-lively" gait throughout the day. "Step lively" is the motto from the time he reaches his office until he wearily closes his desk and rushes for the subway train again, to hear once more the urgent injunction of the trainman to step still more "lively." It is "step-lively" at the club, "step lively" into bed, and "step lively" from it again in the morning. Is it a wonder that the doctors are entering their protests against the speed with which we live, and that the mortuary records not only of New York City, but of every other great city tell the sad and impressive story of "death by heart disease"? How much of this is Wall Street responsible for, and how much can we charge to the wheat pit, the Produce Exchange, and the Cotton Exchange? And after the wealth has been accumulated, of what service is it when even the churches are inclined to stamp it as unfit for use because it is "tainted"? Let my readers stop a moment and think of these things.

Meanwhile, what of the Stock Exchange? It must move. It cannot remain on the same level for any length of time. It must move upward or downward. After a period of prolonged liquidation, the natural movement, two times out of three, is upward. The question is, Has the liquidation been completed? Stocks are certainly not on the low level from which the rise was started a year ago, and to that extent the market obviously is handicapped. Financial institutions, including insurance and trust companies, are not underwriting as freely as they were, and banks are preparing for the possibilities of gold exports and tighter money before fall. The one reason why veteran speculators believe that the market must rise is based not on a better outlook for business, not on promising crops, but solely on the belief that certain great financial interests have underwritten so many obligations, bonds as well as stocks, that they will be compelled to make a market for them before many months have passed.

One great banker said to me months ago: "I believe we must have one more rise in the market, and then I do not know what will happen." I know what

will happen if these great holders of securities ever get rid of them. They will put their funds aside, and be just as ready and willing to make money on the bear side of the market as they have been and now are on the bull side. I still believe that some stocks, especially non-dividend payers, are selling on too high a basis. We all know that some were advanced deliberately by the payment of dividends which should not have been paid. Corn Products is a conspicuous example. It should not have paid dividends on its common shares at any time. Steel Foundries, which now admits that it needs more working capital, is another. International Steam Pump, which has been gradually reducing the dividend on the common until at last it has been cut off entirely, is still another. And these are but instances, for many others must pass through a similar experience. I still advise my readers therefore to take their profits whenever they can gather them in, and to operate only for quick turns, excepting in instances in which they have safe and definite information. There have been bargain days in Wall Street, and there will be more to come.

"Rock Island": After having carried the stock down as far as you have, the chances would favor a turn for the better, ordinarily. I think I would wait a little longer.

"B." New York: Those who are very closely related to Southern Pacific and Pacific Mail, and who, from all appearances, are carrying it heavily, have been advising their friends against selling either of these stocks, except at higher prices.

"C." Helena: The president of the Sierra Con. Gold Mining Company of New Mexico is ex-Senator Warner Miller. His address is 100 Broadway, New York. The issue of 5 per cent. bonds which he offers with a bonus of an equal amount of stock is limited, and, I understand, is being rapidly absorbed by his own friends. These bonds are in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000. None will be in the market after the issue now on hand has been disposed of.

"J." Goshen, N. Y.: 1. The American Ice Securities Company has to earn \$180,000 to pay the 6 per cent. interest on its issue of \$3,000,000 of debentures. 2. As things now are, I would rather have the American Ice Securities Company's 6s than the American Tobacco Company's 4s at the same price. Selling at 75, the American Ice Securities bonds net the holder 8 per cent. They therefore look like a good speculation for an advance, especially as the issue is limited. 3. Yes; I am told so.

"F." Bellport, N. Y.: 1. It is impossible to fix a price at which either to buy or to sell. Obviously unforeseen conditions must largely control. While Steel common represents nothing but water, and should not be placed on a dividend basis unless the earnings are enormously increased, yet inside interests can juggle with it once more as they have done in the past. The bulk of the stockholders have very little to say about the management of this great property. A powerful little clique, embracing Standard Oil and Morgan interests, dominates it absolutely. 2. I would hold my Great Western for developments if I could not sell it without loss. 3. American Malt preferred represents actual and tangible value. If the company's statements are accurate, this value is between \$30 and \$40 per share. 4. The upward trend of the market will be maintained if the shrewd manipulators who are forcing it do not find too many obstacles to overcome. 5. Not at present.

Continued on page 70.

Business Chances Abroad.

THE GERMAN ministry for the interior invites German manufacturers and exporters to call at its office to view samples of manufactured articles which are in demand in the markets of Cuba. The official journal of the ministry speaks of the growing sales of American goods in Cuba, and says that American fashions and styles are beginning to dominate there instead of the formerly existing Spanish modes. The journal notes the decreased German exports to Cuba, especially of cotton textiles, which cannot compete successfully in that market with the products of England, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and the United States. The latter country will largely increase its sales if manufacturers adapt themselves to the taste of its Cuban consumers.

IN A NOTE to the State Department Consul-General Chester, of Budapest, Hungary, tells of a new process for making fibre bags and carpets which promises to become a valuable factor in that industry, if it does not revolutionize it. The patent belongs to the famous family of Ratvany-Deutch, which has hitherto interested itself chiefly in the production of beet sugar. This family proposes to establish factories in convenient river localities, where the materials and water power are abundant, not only in Hungary and Roumania, but also in the United States, if such localities exist here. The questions arise whether American capitalists would care to purchase and control the American patent and its working, and whether American reed and rush fibre-working machinery exporters should not send in their offers in due time. Consul Chester would like a list of American exporters of such machinery.

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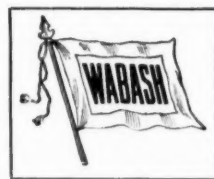
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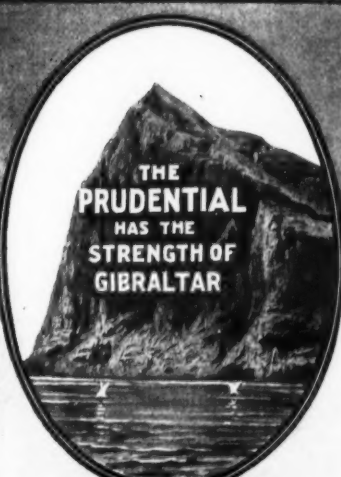
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NO PERSON possessed with the faintest modicum of common sense, who knows a hawk from a handsaw, will have his faith or his confidence in the old-line insurance companies shaken because of the recent trials and tribulations which one of these companies has been called upon to undergo. No occasion whatever exists now, any more than at any other time, to distrust the business principles or to doubt the soundness of the business theory upon which these companies are based, and according to which their work is accomplished. After separating the little wheat from the mountain of chaff which the sensation mongers have piled up with reference to the Equitable affair—the ounce of fact from the tons of rumor—it remains true that all of the so-called "revelations" of the business methods of the company in question have touched only upon superficial and unessential points, and not disturbed in the least degree the things that are fundamental and enduring, the things which differentiate and distinguish the standard life-assurance business from the business of the assessment and fraternal concerns. The questions of salary lists, high or low, of the personal character and doings of officials, reprehensible or otherwise—these do not alter the fact that the standard companies offer the only form of insurance investment and protection based on safe, rational, and scientific principles, guaranteeing to the investor a sure return for his money with a certain and honest increment. When the recent turbulence has subsided, the tumult of scandal and sensation died away, it will find all the old companies, affected directly and indirectly by this eruption, doing business at the old stand, all the better and all the stronger for the ordeal. The white light of publicity can, and will, do no harm to these corporations, chiefly because their methods and workings have had full and sufficient publicity all along, and have been clearly understood by all whose interest it was to know. The so-called disclosures have not disclosed a single new fact which should alter the status or


impair the integrity of these companies in the minds of any thinking and fair-minded person.

"D." Gorman, W. Va.: Not of the highest.
"G." Oakland, Cal.: I do not recommend it.
"D." Evansville, Ind.: The Travelers, according to your own statement, gives you the better result of the two companies. It is a prosperous and well-managed concern.
"K." East Chicago, Ind.: No fault can be found with the statement as it is printed, but one could not pass upon the real value of the assets and loans without knowing precisely what they were and the security behind them.
"P." Ashland, Penn.: I think the cash value paid on the policy, considering the short term for which it was taken, was about what might have been expected. The holder, of course, had insurance for four years, and the company was justified in charging a reasonable amount for running the risk of her death, when it would have had to pay the \$3,000 at once.
"S." Indianapolis: I doubt if any one in the Royal Arcanum would give you a written guarantee that the advanced rates high as they are, will not be further advanced inside of ten or fifteen years. The present rates are not altogether protective. I would rather pay a little more for a regular old-line policy in a good strong company, having the assurance that I would receive greater benefit and far greater security than any fraternal benevolent order could possibly give me.
"E." St. Louis: 1. I regard the companies and the policies with favor, especially the continuous-premium policy in the Massachusetts Mutual or the Penn Mutual. 2. All are substantially mutual companies. None of them large. 3. I do not believe that the policy is self-sustaining, or any more so than similar policies in other companies. 4. A fad; for all companies seek temperate policy-holders. There is no sense in arguing the question because of the general mutualization of all companies in these times.
"Endowment." Cincinnati, O.: An endowment policy is one which pays you the face of the policy at the end of a stipulated period—ten, fifteen, or twenty years. You do not have to wait to die to get your insurance. Men who are in receipt of comfortable incomes, but who do not have the saving habit, provide for their future sometimes by taking out an endowment policy, knowing that at the end of the stipulated period they will receive a fixed amount of money without doubt or question. So, too, many who are thrifty and seek to provide for their later years in case of misfortune or disability prefer to pay a little more than the regular cost of life insurance, and therefore take out an endowment policy. All the facts regarding the cost of this style of insurance can be readily obtained if you will fill out the coupon of the Prudential Life which appears on this page of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.
"R. R." Elmira, N. Y.: 1. The report of State Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks on the Equitable Life distinctly stated that it was sound and solvent. The point you raise about the qualification of policy-holders selected by the trustees to serve as directors of the Equitable was fully met by a recent published statement. The statement was made by Henry D. Macdonald, one of the attorneys for Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, and he says that the question you raised was fully discussed with ex-President Cleveland and the other trustees, and "It was agreed that there would be no difficulty in qualifying such policy-holders in conformity with the law and the society's charter." 2. It would be ridiculous to accept the offer made for your semi-tontine policy by the broker. I have no doubt that you will receive a satisfactory return at the expiration of the tontine period in September. You need have no fear as to the ability of the Equitable to fully and promptly meet every obligation.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 68.

"Cunningham": Reading pays four per cent. on a par valuation of 100.

"Bell," Mass.: 1. Nothing is known about Greene Gold excepting what the prospectus has told. 2. Yes.

"J. X. W.," Jacksonville, Fla.: I have never visited the properties, but the reports that the firm makes of them are uniformly favorable.

"S.," Cleveland, O.: I have not heard the result of the effort to compromise. The lawyers seem to have the matter in hand. I doubt if there will be much left when they get through with it.

"R.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: I do not believe in American Nickel, although I do not say that the audacious manipulation which has been going on may not advance the price. If a man wants to gamble he had better get into a straight game. Better not gamble at all.

"L.," Westport, Conn.: International Steam Pump common represents the vast amount of water put into this corporation when it was floated in the boom epoch. I would sell the stock at the first favorable opportunity, though I would not sacrifice it at too great a loss.

"B.," New York: All the stocks on your list seem to be in line for better prices if the upward movement succeeds. It is largely a speculative movement, and will not succeed if money rates should start to advance. Amalgamated on its reports and on its dividends has the most merit.

"C.," Nashville: 1. I see nothing in Mansfield's Red Letter privileges to attract an investor. It is about time that the public understood what this sort of thing meant. 2. I do not believe that Steel common is justified in expecting dividends either on its earnings or on the present condition of the iron industry.

"C.," Galveston, Tex.: I regard Southern Pacific preferred more of an investment than a speculative stock, and, unless everything in the market should go to smash, I do not see how it could have a drop of twenty points. The change in the quotation to which you refer was due to the fact that it sold ex-dividend on the decline.

"J. X. W.," Florida: Of course it is impossible to know every one who trades in Wall Street securities. A man would have to have a very extraordinary number of acquaintances to make it reach all around the circle. The parties to whom you refer seem to be doing a large business, and I have had no complaints from any of their customers.

"E. C.," Helena, Mont.: 1. Bay State Gas is still quoted on the curb, though transactions are irregular and the price is only nominal. 2. I do not recall when the stock sold ex-dividend, but your broker, no doubt, will credit it to you if you bought it in time. If he is responsible, he would not dare to do otherwise, because it would justify his expulsion from the exchange.

"F. E.," Rochester, N. Y.: I am told that great interest is manifested in the development of the Searchlight mining district. I know nothing about the opportunities for money-making there to which you allude; but I am informed that N. F. Willson, H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal., has compiled a very interesting booklet regarding the mines of the Searchlight district. A copy will be mailed you on receipt of a two-cent stamp and mention of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

"L.," Marion, N. Y.: 1. American Smelting common has had an extraordinary rise. I called attention to the stock when it sold at half the present price. It is now no cheaper than other industrials of its character. 2. The recent annual report of American Car showed a surplus of only about half a million dollars after the payment of the preferred dividend. The net earnings shrunk from \$4,500,000 in 1904 to \$2,628,000 during the year just closed. This does not look very favorable.

"Sank," Baraboo, Wis.: Corn Products preferred, a 7 per cent. cumulative stock, would look like a fair speculation on the slump if we were assured that a management less speculative and more inclined to consider the welfare of the stockholders were to be secured in the near future. As a rule, stocks that have had a severe decline, unless they are inherently rotten, offer good opportunities for a return. Unless the statement of the Corn Products Company to its stockholders was false and misleading, the company is earning enough to pay at least 4 per cent. on the preferred.

"M.," Dayton, O.: 1. There is a redemption clause entitling the Southern Pacific Company to redeem the preferred at 115 for a limited period. But for this clause this 7 per cent. preferred stock would sell on the same basis as other 7 per cent. stocks of its kind, and that would mean nearly fifty points higher than the present selling price. One of the parties closely connected with the management told me, nearly a year ago, that the redemption right would not be exercised. If this were made clear and definite a sharp advance in the stock would certainly occur. 2. M. K. and T. preferred has merit for a long pull.

"H. A. E.," New York: 1. I do not regard Havana Electric as favorably as Havana Tobacco. If one has patience I believe he can make a good turn in the latter, but no one knows when the inside clique which controls it will get ready to move. 2. Lake Erie and Western sold last year as low as 26 and as high as 43. This year it has ranged from 28 1/2 to 44. It was carried to a very high price in the boom of four years ago, on reports, which proved to be unjustified, regarding its absorption on a profitable basis. 3. I would not sacrifice my Detroit Southern at a loss, nor would I hold it for much of a profit. You will have an opportunity, if the market improves, to sell, and you might avail yourself of it.

"M. M.," Joliet, Ill.: 1. The stock has not been on the exchange list for some time, and only occasional quotations on the curb, which may or may not have been wash sales, have been made. I do not recall any sale as low as 4, and I think you would be justified in asking for a complete record of the transactions, with the name of the purchaser, the date, and other details to which you are properly entitled. It does not look to me as if you had been properly used. 2. I have never lost faith in the value of the property if fairly administered, but I thought its recovery would be more prompt and satisfactory. I know that heavy holders who are very close to the inside are still holding their shares in the belief that they will come out more than whole if they will have patience.

"F.," Pittsburg, Penn.: 1. I have frequently said that it was redeemable at 115 at the company's option, but that the company, it is understood, will not exercise the option. 2. No official statement has been made, but one of the prominent officials of American Woolen intimates that a dividend on the common may be expected next fall. How much or in what shape it will be declared is a matter of guesswork. The preferred, according to its last statement, is well secured by the assets. The value of the common, according to the books, is not much above the selling price, but the good-will is eliminated. Dividends on the preferred are safe as long as business conditions generally are as satisfactory as at present. 3. I do not regard Steel common as intrinsically worth its selling price by any means, and yet the clique that operates in it seems to be able to hold up the price and make short sales hazardous.

"X.," Charles City, Ia.: 1. If you seek an investment in a preferred railroad stock I think you would be better satisfied with Southern Pacific preferred than with any on your list, though all of those you name have merit, but they are all somewhat speculative. Southern Pacific preferred pays seven per

cent. per annum. Its last semi-annual dividend at 3 1/2 per cent. has just been declared. Erie first preferred pays 4 per cent. Its next semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent. will be due next month. Rock Island preferred pays 1 per cent. quarterly. The next quarterly dividend will be due next month. Southern Railway preferred pays 2 1/2 per cent. semi-annually. The next dividend will be due in October. Reading first preferred and second preferred pay 2 per cent. semi-annually. 2. One who buys preferred railroad shares which have paid dividends for a series of years is unlikely to lose all his investment by any serious panic, but he may lose something. I doubt if you would have much loss if you purchased any of the stocks referred to.

"R.," Providence, R. I.: 1. United Gas Improvement, of Philadelphia, paying 4 per cent., ought to be a fair speculation at present prices, in spite of the political upset in Philadelphia, which has thrown its friends out of political power. U. G. I. owns not only the Philadelphia gas plant, but a controlling interest in many others. The only fault I have to find with the corporation is that it limits its information to a few insiders and gives very little to its stockholders. I made application for a detailed statement, in behalf of a stockholder, a year ago, and was told that I might "inspect the books." An inspection of this character would be a formidable task for a large corps of expert accountants. It should be made, however. 2. I have no doubt that the Greene Consolidated Copper is a very large and valuable property, much of it still undeveloped, and that on its earnings and real value the stock is cheaper than Amalgamated. 3. Wabash, Pittsburg, Terminal seconds will advance if the rest of the market during the year maintains its strength. They are a good speculative bond.

"Banker," Ohio: 1. I haven't the slightest doubt that very earnest and vigorous effort to advance Steel common will be made by those who are manipulating the market for a rise so that they can unload their holdings. Long ago my foreign advisers indicated that an effort was being made to form a pool, or combination, of all the greatest iron and steel manufacturers in the world. Recently it was stated that this pool, as far as steel rails are affected, had been arranged for, and that the much-feared reduction in the price of steel rails from \$24 a ton to the export price around \$22 would not be made. This pool does not take in the independents of this country or abroad, and it seems to be in violation of the anti-trust law, but it shows to what desperate measures the Steel Trust must resort to maintain its profits so that it can pay dividends on its enormous over-capitalization. So far this year, in spite of the enthusiastic reports of the earnings of the trust, it would not have earned fixed charges and dividends on the preferred if proper charges for depreciation had been made. Some of my friends insist that Steel common on its merits can pay dividends. It is impossible for me to agree with this conclusion after an analysis of its reports, but I do not claim to be infallible. I think American Woolen common has a better chance to pay dividends before the close of the year than Steel common. 2. The purpose of the leaders of the Street is to prevent a reaction in the stock market if possible. If money remains cheap they may succeed in temporarily advancing prices. 3. Unless the crop outlook is extraordinarily good, I believe we shall have higher money in the fall, and that this will be conducive to lower prices. 4. Earnings are good, but competition is still strong. No dividend is expected this year.

New York, July 13th, 1905.

JASPER.

Wonders of the Portland Exposition.

A PUBLIC service has been rendered by the Union Pacific Railroad by the publication of a beautiful, finely illustrated booklet for free distribution to the public, bearing on the great Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition now being held at Portland, Ore., and which will continue until October 15th. This beautiful little booklet tells all about the exposition, how best to reach it, what to see on the journey to and fro, and the cost of everything. The illustrations are superb. Those of our readers who are interested in the matter can send a two-cent stamp, mentioning LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and address E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Neb. They will receive a copy of the book free of charge.

Special Prizes for Photos.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, a second prize of \$3 for the picture next in merit, and a prize of \$2 for the one which is third in point of excellence, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered, the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the maker. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not. All photographs accepted and paid for by LESLIE'S WEEKLY become its property and therefore will not be returned.

Our amateur prize photo contest has long been one of the successful features of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. The publishers have decided to establish an additional contest in which professionals, too, may take part. LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give a prize of \$10 for the best picture with news value furnished by any amateur or professional. For every other news picture accepted for use \$2 will be paid. All photographs should be accompanied by a very brief statement of the events depicted.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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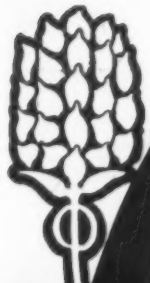
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